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THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

[Read before the Army and Navy Chapter, Washington, District of Columbia, March 1, 1897.]

SITUATED on a peninsula, connected with the mainland by a very narrow neck, Boston was essentially a maritime town ; its supplies came to it by water, and all its business was connected with the sea. Provisions and fuel were brought in row boats, timber was floated in rafts from the heavily wooded shores on its harbor to its numerous shipyards ; and its commerce was the most extensive in the thirteen Colonies, as many as a thousand vessels clearing in one year. Against a people thus dependent upon the sea could a more crushing blow have been struck than the passage, by Parliament, of the Boston Port Bill ? The provisions of the bill were enforced with great severity, we learn from the *Boston Gazette* of August 1, 1775, which says : " No wood can now be brought from the rivers and bays included in our harbor, upon which we depended for a considerable part of our supply. No goods of any kind are suffered to be waterborne within a circle of sixty miles. No timber, boards, shingles, bricks, lime, sand, etc., etc., are to be transported from one wharf to another, and so even the tradesmen not immediately dependent upon shipping are thrown out of business. No barrels of liquors, bread, flour, etc., are suffered to be brought a few rods in our row boats or across our shortest ferries, and even the vessels on the docks, which have for some time past been ready for launching, cannot be put into the water without being exposed to seizure. Neither is the dry'd table fish and oil, the charity of our Marblehead friends, nor rice, the generous present of the Carolinians, nor even house sand, to be brought to us by water but

must be encumbered with the great charge of about thirty miles."

For nearly a year had Boston thus suffered the vengeance of the British Government, and been saved from famine only by the liberal contributions of all the thirteen Colonies and Canada, when it was called upon to sustain one of the most remarkable sieges recorded in history. We know how the news of the fight at Concord and Lexington spread like wild-fire, and it was hardly forty-eight hours after the last British soldier reëntered Boston, in retreat, before sixteen thousand patriots were under arms, surrounding the city from Charlestown to Dorchester, a line of sixteen miles. We are familiar with the events that followed this surrounding of the city—how General Gage issued an order forbidding all intercourse with the land; how he afterwards, fearing the patriots within the city would coöperate with the army without, asked for an interview with the Selectmen of Boston, the result of which conference being an order allowing all citizens who wished to leave to do so with their families and effects, upon their depositing their arms at Faneuil Hall; and how the exodus was so great that the Tories, becoming alarmed lest the city should be set on fire after the departure of the inhabitants, persuaded General Gage to stop the issuing of passes—but it will be interesting to hear from an eye witness and a sufferer. The Rev. Andrew Eliot was one of the few clergymen who remained in Boston during the siege, sending his family away. He writes to a friend in England, April 25, 1775:

"DEAR SIR:—I wrote you by Capt. Robson and should not so soon have troubled you again, were I not impelled by the unhappy situation of this town, which, by the late cruel and oppressive measures gone into by the British Parliament, is now almost depopulated, or will be in a few days. Filled with the troops of Britain, and surrounded by a Provincial army, all communication with the country is cut off, and we wholly deprived of the necessaries of life, and this principal mart of America is become a poor garrison town. The inhabitants have been confined to the city more than a week, and no person suffered to enter. At length the General hath consented that, if the inhabitants would deliver up their arms, they should be suffered to depart. This proposal, humiliating as it is, hath been complied with. In consequence of this agreement, almost all are leaving their pleasant habitations, and going they know not whither. The most are obliged to leave their furniture and effects of every kind,

and indeed their all, to the uncertain chances of war, or rather to certain ruin and destruction. But I know not why I should make you unhappy by reciting what we suffer. My design is only that the friends of America, the friends of liberty, the friends of humanity, may unite their efforts for our deliverance. Great Britain may ruin the Colonies, but she will never subjugate them. They will hold out to the last gasp. In this confusion the College (Harvard) is broken up; nothing is talked of but war. Where these scenes will end, God only knows; but, if I may venture to predict, they will terminate in a total separation of the Colonies from the parent country."

John Adams was at this time in Philadelphia, a delegate to the Continental Congress, and his wife was in their country home at Braintree, about six miles from Boston. From the letters passed between them we learn something of affairs in the besieged town. May 7, 1775, Mrs. Adams writes: "The distresses of the inhabitants of Boston are beyond the powers of language to describe; there are very few who are permitted to come out in a day; they delay giving passes, make them wait from hour to hour and their counsels are not two hours together alike. One day they shall come out with their effects, the next day merchandise is not effects. One day their household furniture is to come, the next day wearing apparel; the next, Pharoah's heart is hardened and he refuses to hearken to them and will not let the people go." She writes July 16, more than two months later: "I heard yesterday, by one Mr. Roulstone, a goldsmith who got out on a fishing schooner, that their distress increased upon them fast. Their beef is all spent, their malt and cider all gone. All the fresh provisions they can procure they are obliged to give to the sick and wounded. No man dare be seen talking to his friend in the street. They are obliged to be within every evening at ten o'clock. No inhabitant is suffered to partake but is obliged to wait until the army is supplied and then, if one fish remains, they are allowed to purchase." One more quotation I give: "October 1, a man named Haskins, who escaped from Boston by going to fish in a small boat and escaping to Dorchester Neck, says, no language can paint the distress of the inhabitants; most of them destitute of wood and provisions of every kind. The bakers say unless they have a new supply of wood they cannot bake above one fortnight longer."

The privations of the garrison were nearly as great as those of the inhabitants. Foraging parties were sent out by water, but frequently returned empty-handed; sheep and cattle had been driven inland by order of the Provincial Congress and the Commander-in-Chief, and the patriots would burn their wheat and hay rather than have them give help and comfort to the enemy. The great scarcity of fuel caused the British Commander to order the destruction of the Old North Meeting House and one hundred old dwelling houses, that the material might be used for firewood. The earnest appeals of the officers in Boston finally prevailed with the British ministry and enormous supplies were sent out. Large numbers of oxen and sheep, with "hay and vinegar, oats, beans, flour," &c., were shipped, but delays and disasters caused great loss, and of the remainder much fell into the hands of our privateers.

It is not easy to understand why, amid these privations, three generals, such as Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne (Gage was recalled to England in October), with ten thousand well-disciplined soldiers, remained inactive for nine months after their victory at Bunker Hill. Letters of Burgoyne, published in England, throw some light on the situation, and seem to transfer the responsibility to the admiral of the fleet. "The admiral must take to himself and account for a great share of our inactivity, our disgrace and our distresses," he writes confidentially to Lord Rochfort in the summer of 1775. "I will not undertake a task so useless at present, and so repugnant to my disposition as to particularize instances of these misfortunes, but the glaring facts are not concealed; that many vessels have been taken, officers killed, men made prisoners; that large numbers of swift boats, called whale boats, have been supplied to the enemy at well-known towns on the coast, in which boats they have insulted and plundered islands immediately under the protection of our ships, and at noonday landed and set fire to the lighthouse almost under the guns of two or three men-of-war." He writes of a plan for leaving Boston and taking up winter quarters in New York, and adds, "But whether the scheme of leaving Boston takes place in whole, in part, or not at all, be assured, my Lord, the army will be in danger of perishing with hunger

and cold the ensuing winter, if the proper departments here do not fully represent, and the departments at home fully believe, the impossibility of any solid supply of any article whatsoever, except from Britain and Ireland. At present the sick and wounded are without broth for want of fresh provisions."

To Lord George Germaine he wrote, August 20th: "It may be asked in England, what is the admiral doing? I wish I were able to answer that question satisfactorily; but I can only say what he is not doing. That he is not supplying us with sheep and oxen the dinners of the best of us bear meager testimony; the state of our hospitals bears a more melancholy one. He is not defending his own flocks and herds, for the enemy repeatedly plundered his own islands," etc. These are heavy charges, and it would be interesting to know what Admiral Graves had to say in his own defense.

Meanwhile the besieging army was in sore straits for want of what Washington in his letters to Congress called "the needful," but this "needful" was not bread and meat, but powder. The Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia, adopted the army before Boston, making it the Continental Army; and on June 15, Colonel George Washington, on the nomination of John Adams, was appointed Commander-in-Chief. June 21, Washington left Philadelphia to join the army in Cambridge, and the elm is still standing beneath which he assumed command July 3. That he was disappointed when he found of what material the so-called army was composed, the lack of discipline, and the independence of the individual, and that he wrote to a friend that nothing would have induced him to accept the command if he had known the true state of affairs, is not surprising when we remember the circumstances which had brought those bodies of armed men together. Enlistments were short and there was much coming and going, which, while destructive of discipline, had one advantage in that it gave the enemy the impression of a very large force.

Washington bravely set to work to bring order out of chaos, and after a month spent in disciplining and drilling the troops felt strong enough for action. When all seemed ready he found, to his dismay, that the powder on hand was only sufficient to allow nine cartridges to a man; the committee of sup-

plies in their returns had made note of the amount of ammunition collected, but made no mention of that which had already been expended. Letters and expresses were immediately dispatched in all directions, and after two weeks of intense anxiety a small quantity was received from New Jersey. Joseph Reed, Washington's secretary, wrote: "I can hardly look back without shuddering at our situation before this increase in our stock. Stock did I say? It was next to nothing. Almost the whole powder of the army was in the cartridge boxes." The supply was still so small that not a shot could be wasted, and the frequent cannonading of the enemy was allowed to go unanswered. Great care was required to keep his weakness from being known to the enemy, and Washington had to bear in silence accusations of incompetency and indecision, for the care used to conceal his real situation from the British concealed it also from the patriots. During the first half of the siege, it has been said, Washington was in dread suspense and apprehension of an assault from the enemy; during the last half he chafed under a constrained inactivity, because the enemy did not come out against him, and his own officers would not counsel a venture against them.

It was near the end of November when Captain Manly with the cruiser "Lee" captured and brought into Cape Ann the British ordnance brig "Nancy," with so large and valuable a cargo of the munitions of war that it was feared an attempt would be made to recapture it, and four companies were detached from the besieging army to protect the stores. The Commander-in-Chief dreaded for the army the severities of the long bleak winter in that northern latitude, and was anxious for action. He called a council of officers and laid before them his plans for making an advance on the town, but the council decided the undertaking was too hazardous, and longer inactivity was forced upon him. The enlistments of a large number of the men expired in the middle of the winter, and Washington's courage seems to have well nigh faltered when he wrote to Congress in the beginning of 1776: "It is not in the pages of history, perhaps, to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together, without powder, and at the same time to

disband one army and recruit another, within that distance of twenty odd British regiments is more, probably, than ever was attempted."

Late in February the Continental Army received reinforcements sufficient to warrant even a cautious council of war in adopting offensive measures. Colonel Knox, with remarkable enterprise and perseverance, had brought over the snow covered Green Mountains from Ticonderoga and Crown Point, a long train of sledges drawn by oxen, bringing cannon, mortars, lead and flints. More ammunition was received from New York, and ten regiments of militia arrived.

We know how the Peninsula of Boston was overlooked on the north by Bunker Hill, on the south by Dorchester Heights, now a part of South Boston. The former had been held by the British since their dearly bought victory of June 17, and that they had not occupied the heights to the south seems surprising. Washington knew the value of the position, and had long had his plans laid; with the large accession of men and means he now proceeded to put these plans into execution. He strengthened the batteries at Cobble Hill, Lechmere Point, and Roxbury, and ordered a bombardment of the town. On the night of March 4, while the attention of the British was given to repairing damages and returning the shots, two thousand men, under General Thomas, marched to take possession of Dorchester Heights. Carts with entrenching tools and a covering party of eight hundred led the way, then followed the working party of twelve hundred with General Thomas, and three hundred carts loaded with fascines, gabions and large bundles of hay for the fortifications brought up the rear. The noise of the cannonade prevented the enemy's hearing the noise attendant upon such movements. Mrs. Adam's letters to her husband at this time are interesting. On March 2, she writes—"I have been in a continual state of anxiety and expectation ever since you left me. It has been said 'to-morrow' and 'to-morrow' for this month, but when the dreadful to-morrow will be, I know not. But hark! The house this instance shakes with the roar of cannon. I have been to the door, and find it is a cannonade from our army. Orders, I find, are come for all the remaining militia to repair

to the lines Monday night by twelve o'clock. No sleep for me to-night." Continuing the letter she writes—"Monday evening, March 4. Tolerably quiet. To-day the militia have all mustered with three days' provisions and are all marched by three o'clock this afternoon, though their notice was no longer ago than eight o'clock Saturday—I have just returned from Penn's Hill where I have been sitting to hear the amazing roar of cannon, and from whence I could see every shell that was thrown. The sound, I think, is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime. 'Tis now an innocent roar! But oh! The fatal ideas which are connected with the sound! How many of our dear countrymen must fall!" The next morning she writes: "I went to bed at twelve o'clock, and rose a little after one. I could no more sleep than if I had been in the engagement; the rattling of the windows, the continual roar of twenty-five pounders, and the bursting of shells, give us such ideas and realize a scene of which we could form scarcely any conception. About six this morning there was quiet. I rejoiced in a few hours calm. I hear we got possession of Dorchester Heights last night; four thousand men upon it to-day, lost but one man. The ships are all drawn around the town. To-night we shall realize a more terrible scene still. I sometimes think I cannot stand it. I wish myself with you, out of hearing, as I cannot assist them. I hope to give you joy of Boston, even if it is in ruins, before I send this away. I am too much agitated to write as I ought, and languish for want of rest."

The work accomplished by General Thomas' command in the night of March 4 was such that when morning dawned two forts were sufficiently advanced to make a good defense, a surprise to the British similar to that of the previous June. Knowing, as we do, the great advantage of this movement, we can smile at Mrs. Adams' disappointment when she writes two days after. "All my anxiety and distress is at an end. I feel disappointed. This day our militia are all returning, without effecting anything more than taking possession of Dorchester Hill. I hope it is wise and just, but, from all this muster and stir, I hoped and expected more important and decisive scenes. I would not have suffered all I have for two such hills."

General Howe saw at once that he could not hold Boston unless the Americans were driven from the heights, therefore ordered Lord Perry with twenty-four hundred men to embark on transports, rendezvous at Castle William, and make an attack at night. Washington fully expected this movement, and made ready for it. As soon as the British should advance on the heights, General Putnam with four thousand chosen men was prepared to cross the Charles River in boats and attack Boston on the north. But the meeting was not to take place; it was to be a bloodless victory, for the elements helped the patriot cause as they did when England was threatened by the Spanish Armada. In the afternoon of March 5 a furious wind blew, which caused such a surf to roll that it was impossible for boats to land, and which continued all the next day and night. Meanwhile the Americans were strengthening and extending their works, and by the time the storm had subsided, General Howe considered them too strong to be carried without very great loss, and gave up the attempt. A council of war was called, and it was resolved to evacuate Boston as soon as possible. The pride of the British General would not allow him to capitulate, but he caused it to be understood that if his troops were fired upon while embarking he would set fire to the town. To avoid this terrible catastrophe the Selectmen of Boston drew up and signed a paper begging for "some assurance that so dreadful a calamity might not be brought on by any measures from without," and sent it by flag of truce. The paper was not addressed to Washington, nor signed by Howe, and no official action could be taken, but Colonel Learned received it and took it to headquarters, and the firing was suspended. Active preparations were now begun for the departure of the enemy. By proclamation the inhabitants were ordered to deliver up to a New York Tory named Crean Bush, all linen, woollen, and other goods that would aid the rebels in carrying on the war, which gave excuse for such plundering that Howe in a general order declared that the first soldier caught in the act, should be hanged on the spot. This order did not prevent many depredations. The embarkation was delayed by adverse winds until Washington feared the movement might be only a feint, and determined to bring matters to

a crisis. This he did, March 16, by throwing up breastworks on Nooks Hill, which absolutely commanded the harbor, and planting a battery there, notwithstanding the cannonading from the town. The embarkation now began in hurry and confusion. It was a matter of much difficulty, for besides the soldiers, the Tory refugees must be provided for; and the seventy-eight ships and transports were crowded to their utmost capacity, while many goods and supplies were left behind.

On Sunday, March 17, Colonel Learned unbarred the gates of Roxbury Neck and entered Boston with five hundred men, General Putnam crossed from Cambridge with as many more; the flag of thirteen stripes was raised on the forts, and the long siege was over. The next day Washington entered the town and was received with every expression of joy.

The smallpox prevailed to such an extent that great precautions had to be taken, and an order was issued forbidding all officers, soldiers and others from coming into the city without a pass, until the Selectmen should report the town free from infection. On March 20 the main body of the army marched in.

The British fleet dropped down to Nantasket, where it remained ten days; and we are able to get a peep at some of the letters of the officers on board. One writes, March 28: "Expect no more letters from Boston; we have quitted the place. Washington played on the town for several days. A shell, which burst while we were preparing to depart, did very great damage. Our men have suffered. We have one consolation left. You know the proverbial expression, 'Neither Hell, Hull, nor Halifax' can afford worse shelter than Boston. To fresh provisions I have for many months been an utter stranger. An egg was a rarity. Yet I submit—a soldier may mention grievances, though he should scorn to repine when he suffers them. The next letter from Halifax." Another writes, March 25: "We were cannonaded fourteen days by the Provincial Army, and at last, after many losses, embarked on board several vessels and are got thus far. We do not know where we are going but we are in great distress. The spectacle is truly terrible. I wish I was with you. The Provin-



Medal presented to Washington by Congress on the Evacuation of Boston.

cials, after we left Boston, marched into it with drums beating and colors flying."

The news of the evacuation of Boston was received with great joy throughout all the Colonies. Washington received congratulations from all quarters. The Selectmen of Boston waited on him and presented him with an address; a committee from the Council and House of Representatives of Massachusetts presented him with a flattering testimonial. Congress received the news March 25, and immediately passed a vote of thanks to Washington and the officers and soldiers under his command, and ordered "a gold medal, adapted to the occasion, to be struck, and when finished to be presented to" Washington. This medal is now in the Public Library of Boston, having been purchased from the widow of George Lafayette Washington and presented to the city of Boston on the centenary of the Evacuation, March 17, 1876. In acknowledging the gift of the medal from Congress, Washington generously turns the praise from himself to his army, and it is pleasant to read from his hand: "They were indeed, at first, an army of undisciplined husbandmen, but it is, under God, to their bravery and attention to duty that I am entitled for that success which has procured for me the only reward I wish to receive, the affection and esteem of my countrymen."

KATHARINE LINCOLN ALDEN.

THE SHARE OF CONNECTICUT IN THE REVOLUTION.

[Read by Jonathan Trumbull before the Katherine Gaylord Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Bristol, Connecticut.]

In 1774, Connecticut was, according to the figures of the official census, a little Commonwealth of 197,856 inhabitants, of whom 191,392 were whites, of the sturdy, freedom-loving and freedom-asserting Anglo-Saxon race. Reasons geographical, political, and ecclesiastical may readily be found for the almost phenomenal share which these people took in the revolutionary struggle which was impending at the time; but these reasons must be rather hastily passed over, as we must devote more attention to what Connecticut did than to what she was in this epoch of our country's history.

For nearly a century and a half a free, democratic form of government had been crystallizing within our borders, commencing with the Constitution of 1639, and ratified by the liberal royal charter of 1662, under which we were living—thanks to the old Charter Oak—in 1774. Perhaps no single word can more adequately characterize our Commonwealth than the word judicious, which could have been as appropriately applied to the good old founder, Thomas Hooker, as to his kinsman, and which has proved to be from his day to ours the little leaven which has leavened the whole lump of Connecticut government and procedure in all affairs touching our public welfare.

Accordingly, going back to the days of the Stamp Act, we find Connecticut's action in the matter determined by secret debate in the General Assembly, led by the ablest possible advocates appointed on both sides. The Stamp Act shall have a fair hearing, secret though it be; and a fair hearing it has, ably defended and ably opposed, with what result we know. For no sooner does Jared Ingersoll, after finding New Haven too hot to hold him, proceed to Hartford to confirm his authority as stamp-master, than he is met by a determined band of five hundred or so, armed with peeled staves, under the leadership of John Durkee, of Norwich, brought to a halt at Wethersfield, and firmly requested to resign. Parley ensues, showing no small courage on the part of Ingersoll and no small firmness on the part of Durkee and his band. As a result, Ingersoll is presented with a form of resignation which has been prepared for him, stating, among other things, that he resigns his office of his "own free will and accord," a document which he signs, remarking that the cause is not worth dying for. Whereby we reach unanimity in Connecticut on the question of the Stamp Act.

In this *coup d'état*, we find the keynote of our State's resistance to British oppression. To none of the Colonies could the Stamp Act appear more odious than to ours, for it was a home-thrust at the most liberal and democratic form of government which existed among the Colonies. Yet it was met at first by careful and able discussion, with enforced defense, in our General Assembly; by outspoken and indignant protest when Governor Fitch insisted on taking oath to administer the

Act, and by resistance, armed with peeled staves, when Ingersoll took the first step towards its enforcement.

In a Commonwealth to which we apply the term judicious, the repeal of the Stamp Act might well be, as it was, hailed with joy; but judiciousness could by no means lose sight of the fact that no parliament capable of enacting a Stamp Act still existed. Though subsequent legislation by this parliament bore more heavily on Massachusetts and other colonies than on Connecticut, the British interpretation of the Stamp Act principle soon again began to rear its hateful head under the ministry of Townshend and later of North, continually spurred to action by the stupid vindictiveness of George III. We may well imagine that all the oppressive measures of parliament during the long interval from 1765 to 1775 were jealously watched by Connecticut, and carefully discussed and debated in the town meeting and the General Assembly.

We know how these measures grew in oppressiveness, aiming, as they did, blow after blow at the rights of a free people. It is not necessary, did time permit, to discuss the tariff measures, the writs of assistance, the impressment of citizens, or the quartering of British troops on Boston.

The year 1773 marked an organizing of resistance to these and other measures, in which no Colony was more prompt or alert than Connecticut. The record shows that no time was lost in our General Assembly in appointing a committee of correspondence and inquiry at the suggestion of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. Not only was this colonial committee promptly established, but the matter was taken up by the sovereign town meeting, until every town of consequence had its local committee as well. Instances of the results of this action are numerous. When Lord North undertook to starve the people of Boston into submission by his famous Port Bill, we know how droves of sheep and cattle, how provisions of all kinds poured into Boston from Connecticut towns.

"Stand firm therefore in your lot," writes Captain Joseph Trumbull in behalf of the Norwich committee of correspondence to the Selectmen of Boston, "and from the apparent temper of our people we can assure you of every support in the power of this town to afford you in the glorious struggle."

Words, indeed, but followed by wheat, corn, and droves of sheep to the number of three hundred and ninety-one.

And now follows the first Continental Congress, to which Connecticut promptly sends her full proportion of delegates, Roger Sherman among them.

The Lexington Alarm found our little Commonwealth fully prepared for the call to arms. For a full year the militia of the Colony had been perfecting its organization under the direction of the General Assembly, and the principal business of the town meetings had been to provide munitions of war. Four thousand of those men who seemed almost to have dropped from the skies at this call were from Connecticut. Here was no call for a solemn debate in the General Assembly by appointed disputants. The questions which Lexington involved had long since been settled beyond a peradventure. The time for action had come. The General Assembly speedily convenes in special session. Six regiments are sent at once to the front under regular enlistment for a term of six months, followed two months later by two more regiments similarly enlisted. On his arrival at Cambridge to assume command of the army Washington finds six thousand Connecticut men among his forces. In his first letter from headquarters to Congress he makes special mention of the "establishment of Connecticut," praising particularly its commissary department, an important feature, more or less neglected by Colonies less judicious, and recommending the Connecticut commissary, Joseph Trumbull, for the position of commissary general of the Continental Army, an appointment which was immediately made, and which, from the cares and fatigues of the office, cut short the life of this officer after an arduous service of two years.

While this Commonwealth was sending its forces to the relief of Massachusetts it was also busied in planning and undertaking the first offensive military movement of the war, the capture of Ticonderoga with its valuable stores, artillery, and ammunition. Though it was the stentorian voice of Ethan Allen which demanded and obtained the surrender of the fort "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," or words to that effect, it was the quick intelligence and money of Connecticut which planned the expedition, and

it was a force of Connecticut men who first embarked upon the enterprise, under their own leader, joining with the sturdy Green Mountain boys, and caring but little who should demand the surrender, if only it could be promptly effected. And so, in precisely three weeks after the battle of Lexington, with its victory, this deliberate, judicious Commonwealth of ours had been the means of capturing a fortress two hundred miles from Lexington, occupying an important strategic position and placing at the command of our army military stores, arms, and ammunition which were of the utmost importance at this juncture.

We know so well that it scarcely needs repeating how the dashing old hero Putnam, hearing the call to arms leaped into his saddle and rode, without dismounting, to the scene of action. He had two months to wait, however, before getting a taste of that fighting which he hastened to share. It is a much disputed question whether Putnam or Prescott commanded at Bunker Hill. Much careful research and sometimes acrimonious dispute has been wasted on this comparatively trivial question. There was no organized American army at the time, and no single leader of the battle who was, or ever will be, unanimously recognized as such. Certain it is that the large force of Connecticut men at Bunker Hill looked upon Putnam as their leader; certain it is that they held the rail fence until the retreat was secured; and certain it is that in that coöperation of military blunders known as the battle of Bunker Hill, Connecticut furnished thirty-six of the sixty-three half barrels of gunpowder which composed the entire stock with which the American army was supplied for this occasion.

It should be remembered that the first passage-at-arms with the British on Connecticut soil occurred on the 30th of August* of this year 1775, and has been dignified by the name of the battle of Stonington. The casualties were; Americans, one wounded; British, two probably killed. It was, however, a fight of a character sufficiently genuine to show to the British at this early stage the temper of our people. The fight origi-

*Hollister and Sanford both give the date as September 30; but the official documents in Force's American Archives fix it beyond question as August 30.

nated in the chase of an American merchant vessel by the British man-of-war "Rose," the merchant vessel taking refuge in the harbor of Stonington, pursued by tenders from the ship. Upon learning the situation, the men of Stonington flocked to the defense of the merchantman, and fired upon her pursuers, for which they received, later, a cannonading from the man-of-war, amounting to what has been called by historians a bombardment of the town, and an invasion of our coast. It brought to the defense of Stonington a comparatively large force of men from New London and elsewhere, forming an array of defenders so formidable that the man-of-war "Rose" lost no time in weighing anchor, making sail and disappearing, so far as I can learn, not only from Stonington, but from history, as a fighting war ship. It may be added that we hear of her ignominious end four years later, when she was declared unseaworthy, stripped, and sunk in the harbor of Savannah as an obstruction to navigation.

An enemy more insidious, and possibly more dangerous to the cause of American freedom than the armed force of the British in the vicinity was the Tory press of one Rivington, of New York. Captain Isaac Sears of that city appears to have come to the conclusion in 1775, that this press required somewhat rigorous censorship on the part of the patriots, whereupon he gathers a force in Connecticut who unceremoniously enter Rivington's printing office, destroy or carry away his types and other materials, and place it beyond his power to issue the mischievous publications with which he had been flooding the country. The Provincial Congress of New York, jealous of this invasion of colonial rights, so-called, writes to Governor Trumbull insisting that Rivington's types should be returned to that pasha of many toils, "the Chairman of the General Committee of the City and County of New York." To which the governor, in decorous and courteous official form replies, declining to make it a State affair, and pointing out to his correspondents the fact that "the proper resort for a private injury must be to the courts of law, which are the only jurisdictions that can take notice of violences of this kind." I fancy that if the artist who has left us that solemn-visaged portrait of Governor Trumbull in his wig could have caught the expres-

sion of the worthy old gentleman's face when he was penning this reply, there would have been in the portrait at least a twinkle in those calm eyes, if not some other muscular contractions suggestive of a chuckle.

And this, thanks to judicious Connecticut, was the end of Mr. Rivington's editorial career in New York for some two years, at the end of which time he is enabled once more to ply his trade under British protection.

In speaking of the general subject of Connecticut's relation to the Tories, I am aware that I am treading on delicate ground; for it is becoming more and more difficult of late to avoid sending certain writers and others into hysterics, even by the most careful mention of the treatment of the Tories. Advising such persons to try, as an antidote for these hysterics, a little reading in the history of the French Revolution, especially of its guillotines, *noyades*, and other ingenious devices for the extermination of internal enemies in times of revolution, let us cautiously approach the subject.

The Tories were an unfortunate party, and it ill becomes a Son or a Daughter of the American Revolution to deride that portion of the party, large or small, who solely from principle and without regard to self-interest, openly, honestly and honorably espoused the cause of the British. To the patriots, all Tories, good and bad, were simply the most dangerous of enemies, internal foes in time of war, and as such to be treated. It so happened that during the entire war no State appeared so well fitted as our own to take charge of these enemies. The almost uniform loyalty of our people, the fact that the British never effected a permanent foothold on our soil, and the added fact that we possessed that same judiciousness which we have been studying, were sufficient reasons for placing Benjamin Church in a Connecticut jail and for sending to the care of our State the noted Tory Governor of New Jersey as a prisoner of war, to say nothing of numerous similar instances. The few Tories within our borders led, indeed, a sorry life of it; and the Tory visitors to our State met receptions which either roused their ire or taught them that discretion was the better part of valor.

But in all this careful restraint of the Tory element which we exercised, I think no record can be found of a single in-

stance where a Tory suffered personal violence at the hands of a patriot. The harmless, but notorious process known in the language of the day as "exalting on a cart," was, no doubt, regarded by the exalte as a personal affront. Prison fare, too, was probably none of the daintiest, and prison officials none of the most courteous. The so-called horrors of the Simsbury copper mines cause hysterical shrieks on the part of some writers ; but it is well to remember that this institution accorded fairly well with the ideas of penal confinement at the time, that the number of prisoners in this place rarely reached and never exceeded thirty, that notwithstanding its supposed security escapes were frequent, and notwithstanding its alleged unsanitary condition we have yet to learn of a case where the health of a prisoner suffered materially from this cause. It had been used as a State prison before the Revolution, and continued to be so used until 1827.

A Tory to whom Connecticut would have been particularly glad to open the darkest dungeon of the Simsbury copper mine was William Tryon, of New York, who well deserved such an attention, though his cautious methods prevented him from receiving it. These methods of warfare were simple and convenient, inasmuch as they removed the element of personal danger, to which he appears to have been particularly averse. His military operations during the war were principally confined to attacks on various Connecticut towns whose only defenders were women, children and aged men. His programme was intimidation, usually accomplished by a few murders ; then plunder, and lastly wholesale arson. The history of Danbury, Ridgefield, New Haven, Norwalk, and Fairfield all bear testimony to invasions of this description under the leadership of Tryon. Never but once did he remain over night with his forces on Connecticut soil, but skulked from the scenes of devastation in each instance as soon as his fell designs were accomplished.

With the horrors of the Wyoming massacre, in which Connecticut bore the brunt of suffering,* and the Groton massacre,

* Katherine Gaylord, whose name the Bristol Chapter bears, was a survivor of this massacre, and escaped, with her four children, to Connecticut.

we end our list of fighting and invasion by the British on our own soil. If we except the Cherry Valley massacre, no more horrible record of British atrocities can be found than these attacks on Connecticut towns. Even in the calm light of history, that has waited more than a century to be written, the motive for any one of these barbarous raids is difficult to find. Such an historian as John Fiske finds no better word than wanton to characterize them. In them we read something of the altruism of our State in revolutionary times, for our brave defenders were facing the enemy in legitimate warfare at the seat of war itself, leaving their homes unprotected against the forces of the Tory Tryon, and the traitor Arnold. If the object of these attacks was to break the patriotic spirit of our people, the attempt recoiled with double force upon their enemies; for the lads of sixteen and old men of sixty who were murdered at Fort Griswold found swift avengers in the other lads, old men, and men of peace who sprang to arms to defend their homes and drive out an invader who dared not hold a conquered fort over a single night. If, as some writers have intimated, these attacks had for their object the drawing off of Washington's forces for our defense, such a view only adds to the crimes of robbery, arson, and murder the stamp of dense ignorance. Washington, sad as his great heart was at our misfortunes, could not for a moment allow an interruption in the main purposes of his campaigns, and in this belief Connecticut calmly acquiesced, at how great a sacrifice we know. Costly as was this sacrifice, it brought its immediate reward, for the invaders of New Haven, Norwalk, and Fairfield were greeted on their return by the news that while they were weakening the main force by their absence, Anthony Wayne and his gallant band, among whom we number many Connecticut men, had stormed and captured Stony Point in one of the most brilliant engagements of the war. And after the burning of New London and the massacre at Groton the British had only about a month to wait until the surrender at Yorktown.

Another instance of the altruism of Connecticut is in her attitude regarding the Susquehanna case, so-called, which, at the outbreak of the war formed a rather heated controversy with

Pennsylvania. It is, perhaps, to us of to-day something like the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty of which the last reports are that only three men ever understood it, that one of these is dead, another has forgotten all about it, and the third has left for parts unknown. Certain it is that our charter, majestically ignoring the geography of the country, gave us indefinite rights to the west of our present limits; that a Connecticut settlement existed in the town of Westmoreland, now in Pennsylvania, and that this town at the time of the Revolution acknowledged the jurisdiction of our General Assembly, and was included in Litchfield County. But in 1775 we find Governor Trumbull writing to our agent in London to refrain from pressing the claim, and later in the same year writing to the president of Congress requesting that measures be taken to put a stop to the controversy introduced in Congress by Pennsylvania, and expressing a wish for harmony among all the Colonies at this crisis, and for a fair hearing of the Susquehanna case after the war.

And as our State, in the beginning of the struggle, unselfishly and intelligently devoted her energies and resources to the cause, sacrificing her rights and safety for the general good, so she kept nobly on, never flinching or swerving in her course, until Washington found her the State of all others to which he could look in times of emergency without regard to quotas, proportions or home defenses. We well know how these calls were met in the old State-house at Hartford, and in the little old war office at Lebanon, giving our Commonwealth the homely but honorable title of the provision State.

I believe no historian has undertaken to estimate the value of our contributions in money and materials during the war. As an example of what was expected of us by Congress in 1778, we may cite the fact that when a special contribution of \$5,000,000 was needed from the thirteen States, the proportion of this contribution which was assigned to Connecticut was \$600,000 or about one-eighth of the entire amount. As early as 1776, under the judicious decision to pay as we go, we find our State taxes levied at the rate of fourteen pennies to the pound, or more than five per cent of the grand list; and in some years the records appear to show that such taxes exceeded ten per cent.

Although no historian has undertaken to name the sum total in dollars and cents which our State contributed to the cause, we find numerous and widely varying estimates of the number of men she contributed. A Connecticut after-dinner speaker gives the number as 39,939, a Connecticut historian places it at 31,939; and in a publication of the Massachusetts Society of Sons of the American Revolution, citing rare official authority for which the reader is expected to be much beholden, it is stated to be more than 40,000, but less than the number of men furnished by Virginia. The official record of Connecticut men in the Revolution contains 27,823 different names; but as this same record confessedly omits the rolls of seven or eight regiments in active service, and as one very popular name is indexed for fifty-three entries, only counting as one man in the grand total, this record is a perplexing one; and our difficulties are in no way diminished by the appearance of authentic, newly-found muster rolls from time to time. All of which tends to confirm the statement that there are three kinds of lies; white lies, black lies, and statistics.

This we do know, however, that in every important battle of the war, from Ticonderoga to Yorktown, excepting only engagements in the extreme south, Connecticut men in full quota appeared, and acquitted themselves well. The indications are that at various times every able-bodied man in the State was under arms in the various enrollments known as the alarm lists, the militia or the continental line.

In his preface to a valuable work, showing in some measure from official sources, "the part sustained by Connecticut during the War of the Revolution," the late Royal R. Hinman says: "It was with reluctance that the compiler of this collection of historical facts undertook his herculean task." Thanks to the untiring and accurate work of Dr. Charles J. Hoadly, the entire mass of documents from which Hinman derived his material is now being printed; and thanks to other historians, much valuable information on the subject has found its way into print since Hinman's day. This, however, only causes an embarrassment of riches to him who in odd moments of scanty leisure during a fortnight's time undertakes to cover the subject by the briefest outline of its most salient features.

If this outline has been in any way suggestive of the work which lies before the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution in commemorating the men, deeds and events of the time, its object is fully accomplished.

I would gladly mention and attempt a slight tribute to the memory of the men who controlled, directed and promoted the events we have touched upon; but our limits forbid. The name of one of them must be mentioned, at least, in any treatment of the subject. This name is but briefly connected with the history of the Revolution; but the fame it bears may well be, as it is, claimed by his entire country as an example of patriotic heroism as shining and lasting as history affords. There is no name which so thrills and touches the heart of every true American as that of Nathan Hale. Though his career was so brief that it only forms an episode in our revolutionary history, it was so purely brilliant that it sheds and always will shed an enduring light, forever exemplifying and clarifying the pure patriotism which is ours by State right.

What shall we call that sentiment which causes us to love with unbounded affection the men and women, the customs and traditions, and the very rocks, hills, and valleys of this little State of ours? In its truest sense it is patriotism within patriotism. State pride is too forbidding a name for it, and leads, when allowed its full sway, to arrogance and exclusiveness. Connecticut, influenced though some of her men were by local jealousies, never forgot that she was one of the thirteen original States in the days of the Revolution. The orator of the day may hold her up to the gaze of his audience as an independent republic; may even build about her a Chinese wall of oratory until she becomes in the imagination of the audience a second Celestial Empire. But she never even forgot that she was a colony of Great Britain as long as it was possible to maintain her rights and avoid the grim resort of war. And when that was no longer possible, none of the old thirteen can show a braver record of self-forgetting zeal, earnest devotion, and steadfast patriotism than our own little State. It is for this that her Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution love her, and for this that they will preserve and commemorate her record.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

[Read at the one hundred and sixty-fifth anniversary of Washington's Birthday by Mrs. E. J. M. Newcomb, Minneapolis Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.]

THROUGH the parted folds of Time's curtain to-night
There comes to my soul a quaint vision—yet bright
As I turn my eye backward—e'en to colonial time,
When seventy-six men in life's manhood and prime,
Bearing torchlights of freedom, first kindled above,
Met in the far-famed old city of "Brotherly Love."
They met for a purpose, to declare they'd be free
From the yoke of oppression across the wide sea.
Then the bell in the tower from its iron throat
Rang the anthem of freedom till its clanging note
Was caught by the mountains, lofty and grand,
And echoed in valleys throughout the broad land.
Sweet Liberty Bell! which pealed forth the sound
Till its silvery cadence reached the wide world round.
Reached the ear of a king as he sat on his throne,
And he vowed the thirteen for this deed should atone.
But their seven years of warfare were ended at last,
And their battle for freedom is a thing of the past,
But the liberty sweet by our forefathers given,
The price of their valor e'en their passport to heaven,
We hold as our birthright; may we ever prove true
To the flag they bequeathed us, the red, white, and blue.
This emblem of freedom, this red, white, and blue,
Has a voice and a tongue in its every hue.
The bar of its crimson in its waving stripe
Is the symbol of life blood, of devotion the type,
Devotion more loyal has never been known,
The devotion to country, to kindred, to home.
As white is the blending of the colors seven
In the rainbow, oft spanning the arches of heaven;
So when mingled with red in the fluttering bar
Speaks of loyalty pure, both in peace and in war.
As blue as the azure of heaven's own light
Is the blue of our flag mid its crimson and white.
Each star in its field, now forty or more,
Is the type of one union from shore unto shore;
No North and no South, all most loyal now prove
To the red, white, and blue of the flag that we love.
So we come here to-night with our banners unfurled,
With our tri-colored flag, the pride of the world;
The flag that all nations on land or on sea
Never treat with disdain, 'tis the flag of the free.

Neath its folds waving proudly all nations may come
 And find here a welcome and find here a home.
 Hail flag of our Union ! thy stripes and thy stars
 Float from North e'en to South where Confederate bars
 Borne aloft through four years of conflict and strife
 Would have trailed thee in dust and ended thy life.
 We hail thee to-night ! May thy colors bright
 Ever span our horizon like a rainbow of light,
 A rainbow of promise that in centuries to come,
 The storm clouds of war which have burst o'er our home
 Shall deluge no more with rain and blood
 A land sacred to freedom, to home, and to God,
 Where peace evermore shall brood like a dove
 O'er our land bound together in union and love.

MARIE PAUL JEAN ROCH YOE'S GILBERT MOTIER
 MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

AN address delivered by a Daughter of the American Revolution before the Congress of the Society assembled on the occasion of the late Exposition at Atlanta, and which address was subsequently published in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, prompts me to correct the statement therein, concerning the alleged disrespect of Americans to the memory of Lafayette in neglecting to visit his tomb, "only six having done so," says the above authority, "during the last quarter of a century." And I will also endeavor to correct the impression that an entire afternoon is required to find this sacred spot. For the benefit of those Daughters of the American Revolution who may visit Paris, I will inform that the way thither is most direct from the *Place de la Bastille*, which all the world knows, the rue St. Antoine leads to the *Place de la Nation* formerly, *la Place du Trone*, where Louis XIV, after his marriage with the Austrian Princess, received on his superb shore, the homage of the nation—this brings us within a couple of blocks of the cemetery of Picpus where Lafayette is interred, but not "in a private plot of ground," as if this were detached from the remaining portion by the usual conventionality observed in burial places. The whole cemetery belongs to one family as it were, a family united by the bonds of suffering. Only Americans and members of the families are ad-

mitted here, and we do not neglect the privilege thus accorded, many visiting the grave alone or in small companies, while on patriotic occasions, numerous representatives of the American Colony assemble here with the Lafayette family, when the tricolors of France and America float together over the honored grave. No! we do not forget Lafayette on this his native soil where so much recalls his patriotic devotion to his own country, a patriotism instilled by the lessons of Washington, and to which France now owes its Republic. And tributes of respect to the memory of Lafayette have not been wanting on the part of the Daughters of the American Revolution, even far off Colorado having sent its offering. This, a wreath of rarest flowers bearing on a white satin ribbon the following inscription: "From Colorado Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution." As history unrolls before us in this most mournful of all burial places, tears of sympathy often moisten flowers placed upon the honored tomb—a history of the reign of terror with Lafayette flying before the guillotine to a fate scarcely less frightful in the subterranean prisons of Germany and in his terrible cell at Olmutz. The grave of Lafayette is in an extreme corner of the cemetery of Picpus, and adjacent to the "*Cimetière des Guillotinés*" which is entered from the former by means of a gateway. Enter, this little graveyard with its single tomb of heaped up dead and the names on plaques of metal fastened on the wall. But there are too many! Those of thirteen hundred victims of Robespierre's fury! And among these names are those of the Marchioness de Noailles, the Duchess d'Ayne, and the Vicomtesse de Noailles, the grandmother, mother, and sister of the wife of Lafayette. Here the Revolution looms up in all its horror and thought returns to the *Palace de la Nation* to which many of the nobility of France were driven by the cart load to the guillotine, as the possession of a title aroused Robespierre's most bitter hatred. The remains of these were thrown into a sort of quarry in a lonely situation near a monastery in ruins. The Princess Hohenzollern, whose brother was among the victims, purchased the surrounding ground which she enclosed within walls and transformed it into a little cemetery of shade and verdure. It was not, however, until a year after the commencement of the Directoire that this work could

be accomplished and the ground thus protected from further desecration. The surviving relatives of those here entombed were themselves awaiting in prison their own execution. Among these were the wife of Lafayette, but after her release from a long imprisonment she resolved to raise a monument to the memory of her grandmother, mother, and sister. Owing to her exertions means were soon obtained among relatives of the victims of the Revolution, and ground adjoining the little cemetery was purchased for a burial place for families of the survivors of those victims in order to be near their loved ones so mercifully dragged to death. This ground belonged to a monastery with a chapel, both of which were falling into ruins, but which were restored and the chapel enlarged. Passing through the court of this monastery to a garden, a shady avenue through this leads to the Cemetery of Picpus, whose long lines of dark granite slabs impress one as emblems of sorrow weighing on those below. The last tomb is that of Lafayette and his wife, Lafayette having sacredly fulfilled the wishes of his wife in thus placing her in death near the loved ones whose fate has been above related. Those acquainted with the "History of the Reign of Terror" here recall the fearful storm that burst over the carts bearing the relatives of Madame Lafayette to the place of execution—a storm that made the aged marchioness tremble on the miserable plank serving for a seat, and whose cap, raised by the tempest, allowed her gray hair to sweep to and fro in the fitful and raging blasts. And who of these have not followed the mother and sister of the wife of Lafayette, bowing under the prayer of the faithful priest who accompanied them at the risk of his life to the guillotine, or who can recall without a chill of horror the Marchioness de Noailles on the scaffold, her dress rudely torn by the executioner to bare her neck for the knife, or the Duchess d'Ayer, whose bonnet was dragged from her head with a handful of hair, while Louise in her white robes was subjected to the same indignity? With these memories we leave the grave of Lafayette and retrace our steps though the cemetery to the convent garden in all its summer bloom. Here memory recalls the old garden thus described by Victor Hugo: "A vast garden of singular aspect—one of those sad gardens synonymous with chill and

gloom. Oblong in form, with high poplars in the background, a space without shadow in the middle, an immense isolated tree, some squares of vegetables, an old well, and green slime creeping everywhere." The wall described by Victor Hugo still surrounds the renovated garden, "the wall eighteen feet high" which Jean Val Jean scaled with little Cossette when fleeing from his pursuers." On his descent, Jean Val Jean saw nothing but the shed which had enabled him to descend, a heap of fagots, and behind these against the wall a mutilated statue of a saint vaguely visible in the obscurity. The depth of the garden was lost in night and gloom. In the midst of the profound calm, sounds arose, a murmur celestial, divine, ineffable. It was a hymn coming from the shadows, an enchantment of prayer and harmony in the obscurity and frightful silence of the night. A choir of angels seemed approaching. Jean Val Jean and little Cossette fell on their knees. They knew not where they were; but they felt, the man and the child, that they must pray. As the voices sang, Jean Val Jean seemed transported from earth to Heaven. Wings opened to bear him beyond the night—those wings which we all possess within our souls. The hymns ceased and the midnight breeze arose." And hymns still float on the night winds here like requiems for those resting near, hymns of the nuns devoted to perpetual adoration. This vow was taken on the restoration of the convent and is obligatory on all who are installed here. Negligence and ruin have ceased their sway in the old garden, and crumbling convent walls no longer totter over slimy pathways. All has been restored, and nobly the wife of Lafayette perfected her plan in memory of the dead, but this with a heart overwhelmed with grief—a grief accentuated to its utmost limit by separation from her husband, who was enduring suffering beyond expression in his prison cell at Olmutz. Devotion to her husband filled the life of Madame Lafayette. This is well proved from the time he left her, a few months, after their marriage to aid us in our struggle for independence—also, during the French Revolution when she maintained the liberal principles of her husband without dread of the censure of the aristocratic world in which she lived. Even during the Reign of Terror when

wives were abjuring their husbands to save themselves from the guillotine, she persisted in signing her petitions and letters: "The Wife of Lafayette." To know Lafayette, we must study him by the side of his wife. And yet one is habituated to see only the exterior of his character, to picture him always attired in the uniform of the National Guard, the tri-colored cockade in his hat, and mingling in the excitement of patriotic demonstrations. With the delicate courtesy of a refined lord, simple in manner, a charming conversationalist, and generous in heart, Lafayette appears more interesting in his historic role when we reflect on his character and penetrate deeper into the soul of one of the truest representatives of the eventful age in which he lived. And if our hearts throb with grateful emotions, and sensibilities are awakened by a happy day above all others, we hail the one when a generous inspiration bore Lafayette from his native land to aid the cause of freedom in America. Having left France without legitimate authority, Lafayette returned applauded and triumphant. A nominal imprisonment of eight days was deemed sufficient for his disobedience, and the Palace de Noailles was the Bastille in which he was guarded. In a few days he wrote to Louis XVI "to confess his happy fault," and in reply received permission from the King to go to Versailles and receive a slight reprimand. "In restoring me to liberty," states his memoirs, "I was advised to avoid public gatherings where my disobedience might be unduly applauded." Among the ladies of the court his popularity was immense, and Marie Antionette in her enthusiasm gave him command of the Royal Dragoons. The joy of Madame Lafayette was beyond expression, but her happiness was not of long duration. Lafayette was again looking toward America. By the force of circumstances he found himself the bond of union between the United States and France, and this with his popularity in general society, as well as at the royal court, served him to advance the American cause, and also to destroy unfavorable impressions regarding the country. His intercession with the French Government on behalf of America proving successful, although a year's efforts were required to accomplish his purpose, he embarked March 11, 1780, on the *Hermione*, a frigate given to him for

this venture by the King. All historians have given the sequel to this; the finale of which may be described here in the few words of Lafayette addressed in a letter to Count de Maurepas upon the surrender of Cornwallis, October 17, 1781: "The drama is ended, and the fifth act just finished." The enthusiasm caused by the return of Lafayette to France was unbounded. And yet there was something different from a sort of national pride arousing the applause that greeted him on every public occasion. Without doubt, it was a great deal in the eyes of the nation to have conquered the English on land and sea for the first time since Louis XVI and thus to be revenged for more than a century's humiliation, but there was another sentiment prevailing. Public opinion realized that Lafayette had fought and been victorious in a just and noble cause—the liberty of a nation, and it hoped to profit by the Revolution in America, of which the General represented the triumphs of the present and the hopes of the future. All observing minds noticed this singular inconsistency of the French monarchy arming itself against a King—the Kings of England, and this on behalf of a republic. Had it not upheld the cause of a nation in insurrection against establishing authority? Were not such men as Washington, Franklin, John Adams, Gates, and Green, upheld for the admiration of a new generation of republicans? Had not young noblemen, representatives of the old aristocracy of France gone to America to learn the hatred of despotism? And is not the character of this period all demonstrated in the presentation of Benjamin Franklin and John Adams at the Academie Francaise by Voltaire, in designating them as the precursors of the star of liberty in Europe, which had its dawn in America? Are not the consequences of the foundation of the United States by the aid of France more important here than elsewhere? While these thoughts disturbed many minds, Lafayette was actively engaged in negotiations between England and the minister of the United States in Paris, which brought him in frequent communication with the King. Louis XVI alluded to Washington in exalted terms, expressing his sentiments of esteem and admiration so enthusiastically that Lafayette could not refrain from informing the General by letter of the high consideration

with which he was regarded by the King of France. On the occasion of a dinner given by the old Marechal de Richelieu to Lafayette, the health of Washington was drunk with profound respect to the Marechals of France, with a request to Lafayette to transmit to him the homage of the guests. This he did most gallantly, adding, "All the young noblemen of the court solicit permission to visit America."

Believing it will be of interest to those to whom this sketch is dedicated to look beyond our own Revolution into the history of Lafayette, which is that of liberal France. A review of events will here follow, which although necessarily brief, embraces the salient points of a life fraught with tragic events and finally the imposing spectacle of one having seen the harvest ripen of which he had broad-cast the seed. The four Revolutions in which Lafayette mingled beheld him acting a considerable part with equal ardor, not excepting the just one; the Revolution of America; in all which his sincerity and rectitude of conduct were never contested even by his enemies. He never admitted the idea of another King than Louis XVI and even this sentiment strengthened as circumstances continued to retain the unhappy monarch under his protection. Certainly there would have been duplicity in denying his Republican principles, but he never expressed the idea that France was in a condition to do without a King. Notwithstanding these sentiments, he believed that constitutional monarchy ought to be established, tried and supported in good faith. "Yes," said he to the King: "You know, sire, I am naturally a Republican, but my principles render me at present a Royalist." Another time speaking to the Queen: "You ought to have more confidence in me, Madam, as I am not blindly devoted to Royalty; if convinced that the destruction of the monarchy would enhance the welfare of the nation, I would not trifle with it, as the so-called rights of a family to the throne do not exist for me; but it is evident, that under present circumstances, the abolition of a constitutional monarchy would prove a public misfortune." Louis XVI, full of good intentions, but weak and vacillating and yielding to the influence of his courtiers and the Queen, lost his popularity and at length an exhausted treasury forced him to consent to the popular demand for a convention

of the National Assembly. This accordingly met at Versailles, the residence of the King. On May 4, Louis XVI, his family and ministers, with the deputies, went in grand procession from the Church of Notre-Dame to that of St. Louis to attend the mass of inauguration, where an immense concourse from Paris had assembled to witness the ceremony. In the subsequent business sessions difficulties arose between the King, the clergy, the nobles, and the Bourgeois deputies; as the former did not propose to regard the deputies as legislators, but as contributors, who would reëstablish royal privileges and allow old abuses tacitly to continue. The controller of finances had done this on a former occasion by borrowing a hundred millions, a quarter of which only entered the treasury, the rest was grasped by gentlemen of the court; the Count de Provence took for his share twenty-five millions, the Count d'Artois fifty-six, the latter saying: "When I see others holding out their hands, I hand my hat." This mendacity of the Prince was the ruin of the country. Four hundred millions were subsequently borrowed when reforms were proposed. At this time the war in America still continued; it doubtless had results that the court had not dreamed of when it permitted Lafayette and French volunteers to go aid the insurgent Americans, and afterwards, when royal troops were sent under command of Rochambeau. The French saw in the New World the revolt of a people who demanded its rights; they had heard the new idea of national sovereignty proclaimed, and saluting the birth of the new Republic said with Lafayette: "This is the principle which will one day be revealed by us." They engraved on their hearts the maxims of the Declaration of Independence, which declared all men are created equal, and one endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, and they reflected that those rights in France had all been crushed by the tyranny of the throne. Royalty at length began to see insubordination braving its despotism, and in view of the refusal of the court and deputies, the clergy and nobility to unite in general service with the deputies of the people assembled at Versailles, the latter proclaimed themselves as constituting the "National Assembly." The King ordered the dissolution of the body. The grand master of ceremonies thus addressed the President: "You have heard, gen-

tleman, the order of the King!" Mirabeau then, in thundering tones, replied to Dreux Brézé, in his high plumed *tricorne* and court costume adorned with golden *fleur de lis*: "Go tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and that no one shall drive us away but by the force of bayonets!" The grand master of ceremonies, intimidated by the majesty of this new sovereignty just revealed, backed out of the hall before the representatives of the people as he did before the King. The Assembly then decreed inviolability of its members. The court deeply felt this rebuff, and at the instigation of the Queen the King resolved on a *coup d'état*, and preparations were made to meet this check by the aid of foreign powers. In the early part of July troops were observed gathering near Paris and Versailles, and it was soon known that the Queen had ordered paper money to be secretly made in order to pay the expenses of a civil war. The 9th of July, the same day that it assumed the title of "Constituante," and of which Lafayette was named Vice-President, the National Assembly sent an address to the King demanding the withdrawal of the foreign troops, whose presence agitated the people. The answer of the King was but little reassuring: "he being," he said, "the sole judge of the necessity of calling or dismissing the troops; if the Assembly was disturbed it could move to Soissons or Noyon." The role of Lafayette during the "Constituante" was one of action, and for three years his prestige was immense. Under the late provocation he resumed all his energy, and this Assembly, which had not a soldier to defend it, sent forth its powerful decrees. Revolutionary power now confronted that of the King; it made the Hotel de Ville its fortress, this palace, which it is true had been the seat of the Administrative Council, but whose principal purpose seemed to be the glorification of royalty in its vast halls. A fete here is now recalled, one of unrivaled magnificence, which took place in honor of the birth of the Dauphin, Louis XVII, and on which occasion an event greater than that of the birth of the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette was here proclaimed. This was the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The news created the wildest enthusiasm, and Madame Lafayette, who was present,

received many signal marks of favor from the King and Queen. However, the dawn of July 13 at length arose, and from the Hotel de Ville went forth hostile attacks which were about to strike at the heart of the pleasure seeking monarchy. All the day of the 13th the toscine of this palace and the churches aroused the fear and anger of the masses. On the morning of the 14th one unanimous cry arose in Paris: "On to the Bastile!" The Bastile was deemed impregnable; it had eight towers of dizzy height, moats filled with water and as large as rivers, cannon at every embrasure; it could crush to powder the whole Faubourg Saint Antoine. But the Bastile was taken. It was not too soon. On the night of the 14th the *coup d'etat* was arranged to take place. The news of the victory of the people fell like a thunderbolt on Versailles. The 15th it was arranged to send a deputation of the representatives of the people to the King, but as this was about starting news arrived of the intention of Louis XVI to visit the Assembly. The King, whom the Duke de Liancourt had made understand that this was not a revolt, but a revolution, was coming to seek a reconciliation. It was resolved that a solemn respect should be the first greeting to the monarch by the representatives of an unhappy people, but when he arrived accompanied by his brothers and without military escort to the Assembly, which for the first time he called national, announced the withdrawal of the troops, demanded the aid of Lafayette in maintaining public order, and declared himself one with the nation, this Assembly arose with the cry: "*Vive le Roi!*" and conducted him back to the chateau. Lafayette, at the head of a deputation, then addressed the citizens of Paris, congratulating them on the liberty they had conquered by their courage, and for the peace a happiness for the future maintainance of which, they would owe to the protection of a kind, sympathetic monarch. Until the conclusion of the address, which had been interrupted by frequent applause, Lafayette was still ignorant of the fact that on the morning of the 15th he had been appointed unanimously commander general of the Parisian Militia by the electors and a crowd of citizens. As he ceased speaking, Moreau de Saint Mery announced the fact, which he emphasized by pointing to the bust of Lafayette, presented in 1784 by the State of Virginia

to the city of Paris, and which was placed in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, an announcement which aroused *vivats* on every hand. The next morning Lafayette commenced his plan of organization, and having arranged his battalions, these were presented with the tri-color cockade, the red and blue color of the city of Paris having formed a union with the royal white. Thus was formed the tri-color of France. In presenting it, Lafayette uttered these memorable words: "I bring you an emblem which will wake the circuit of the world, and an institution at once civic and military which, in triumphing over the old tactics of Europe, will reduce arbitrary governments to the alternative of being conquered if they do not imitate it, and overthrow if they dare to do so." The King, reconciled with the Assembly, felt that he must equally effect a reconciliation with Paris. Paris, still raging with excitement of the 14th of July, Paris, which was pursuing with its vengeance the conspirators of the *coup d'etat*. The Queen did not wish the King to go to Paris, but commence civil war. Louis XVI dared not. A deputation of a hundred delegates preceded the King to Paris, where it was enthusiastically received. Lafayette as commander of the National Guards went to the gates of the city to receive the King, who thus addressed him: "Monsieur de Lafayette, I have come to let you know that I confirm your nomination, as commander-general of the Parisian guards. A new career opened for Lafayette. After having defended Liberty, public order was now placed under his protection. He assumed a task perhaps beyond the power of a man. That of satisfying an immense populace without means of subsistence, demoralized and excited almost to frenzy. Louis XVI passed through Paris between two lines of National Guards, and at the Hotel de Ville, received from the Mayor of the new municipality the tri-color with the following address: "Sire, I offer your Majesty the keys of the good city of Paris, the same that were presented to Henri IV. He conquered the people, here the people have conquered their King." And Louis XVI, taking from the hands of the mayor the tri-color cockade, assumed the colors of the insurgents, an act that would have saved his life, had it proved a change of politics rather

than one of flattery to the people. Under a vault of steel formed by the officers of the new militia, Louis XVI mounted the steps of the Hotel de Ville, sanctioned the nominations of Bailly as mayor of the new municipality and of Lafayette as commander of the National Guards, and departed for Versailles. It must not be imagined, however, that even after the terrible lesson of the 14th of July the court was disarmed. The secret committee having failed in two attempts at a *coup d'etat* was planning a third. The 10,000 men of the military house of the King were to be strengthened by neighboring regiments, at whose head Louis XVI would join an army of 30,000 at Metz, and thence march on Paris. The 1st of October a banquet given by the *gardes du corps* to a newly arrived regiment, degenerated in violent manifestations. The King and Queen, with the Dauphin in her arms, appeared at this *fête*, which was given in the theatre of the Palace of Versailles. The music was significant and at the charge in the *Marche des Uhlans*, the guests, excited by wine, scaled the loges of the theatre, sword in hand, where ladies removed from the officers the tri-colored cockade and replaced it with the white. Another banquet of the same description followed on October 3. While this banquetting was going on at Versailles, famine was cruelly ravaging Paris. This provocation fell on a people crushed by its suffering, sharpened by suspicions which unhappily were but too justifiable. The people at this time of distress were incapable of discerning the line of demarcation between the legislative power and the so-called Government, and were easily persuaded that the National Assembly had power to restore abundance. All passions were overheated, when, on October 5, the tocsin sounded from all churches of Paris. From sunrise multitudes covered *le Grève*, the *quais*, and adjacent streets. Lafayette sent messages to the King, informing of the progress of the insurgents, who, for the cry of "Bread! bread!" had substituted that of "On to Versailles!" For hours Lafayette restrained the multitude surrounding him, but towards evening news was received that a crowd, mostly of women, had marched in advance of several thousand men who were armed with pikes and guns and had several cannon. Lafayette then started to Versailles with his

battalion to protect the palace. Before arriving here, he despatched an officer to announce his coming, and was informed that the King greeted his approach with pleasure. Arriving at the court of the chateau he was refused admission, but on stating his intention of entering with two commissioners only, the gate opened and the general with his two companions entered the chateau. While passing through the famous *salle* known as *L'Oeil-de-Boeuf*, a voice exclaimed: "Behold Cromwell!" "Monsieur!" said Lafayette, "Cromwell would not have come here alone!" "General," said an approaching officer, "the King accords you the freedom of the chateau." Near six o'clock in the morning, a sudden alarm aroused Lafayette. "It was very sudden, this infernal irruption," said the General. The night had been uneventful, but towards daylight some men of the Commune wandering around the enclosure of the palace found a gate open and hastily entered. The crowd ran and following them, commenced to massacre the *gardes du corps*. It entered the family apartments, Lafayette succeeded in saving the King, the Queen and the Dauphin, but on condition that "the boulanger, the boulangers and the little mitron," should go to Paris, and that immediately. The scene which followed was moving in the extreme. The enraged Commune, over which the National Guard, seemed to have lost control, summoned the King to appear before it, and again exacted a promise that the Royal family would leave Versailles for Paris. For ages the Nation had been dissatisfied with the absence of its Kings from the capital, believing this was the secret of all despotism. All the grandeur of Versailles was purchased by enormous sacrifices by the people, and we must seek even in the splendors of the reign of Louis XIV the causes of the Revolution. From the year 1682 Versailles had been the residence of the court, and it required a Revolution to bring Kings back to the national palaces. And the Assembly decreed: "The Louvre and the Tuileries united shall be the palaces destined for the residence of the King." The time had at length arrived for the King to obey the people. From a balcony of the palace, Louis XVI renewed the promise exacted by the crowd; but the Commune still remained mutinous and angry gestures followed Marie An-

toinette as she withdrew from the balcony with the King. Lafayette then questioned her regarding her intentions: "I know the fate awaiting me," replied the Queen, "but my duty is to die with the King. I will remain with him." "I entreat you, Madame, come with me!" "What! alone on this balcony? Have you not seen the signs of anger threatening me!" And truly these were terrible! "Yes, Madame, we will go there!" On appearing with the Queen, in face of these human billows still raging, Lafayette could not be heard, but with sublime inspiration, worthy the perfect gentleman that he was, he bent his knee and kissed the hand of the Queen. The astonished multitude, appreciating the delicacy of the action, cried with the impulse of the moment: "*Vive le General! Vive la Reine!*" Louis XVI with his habitual kindness, advanced in turn and in accents of peculiar emotion asked: "And now, General, what can you do for my guards?" "Bring one here, Sire," was the reply; and with admirable presence of mind Lafayette presented the tri-colored cockade to the guard and embraced him in presence of the amazed and panting crowd. The people cried with accord: "*Vive Lafayette! Vive les Gardes!*" From this moment peace was made, and royal and national guards took route for Paris arm in arm. The royal family then commenced its journey. Lafayette drove near the carriage of the King to protect the latter as far as possible from unkind demonstrations, and, as is well known, led the royal cortege safely to the Palace of the Tuileries. It is less known, however, that on arriving here Madame Adelaide embraced the General, exclaiming: "I owe you more than life, I owe you that of the King, my unhappy nephew!" Madame Elizabeth pressed his hand in silent gratitude, while the King and Queen warmly acknowledged that he had saved their lives. Soon after his return to Paris from Versailles Louis XVI demanded a statement from the Assembly and the Council of Ministers regarding the extent of his authority, which statement, however, did not accord with the wish of the King. Obstacles arose, and all efforts on the part of Lafayette to aid Louis XVI proved useless, his policy now being regarded as dangerous to the throne. No one represented the generous illusions of '89 more forcibly than Lafayette, and none of these true Constitutionalists were

more strongly convinced that Liberty had entered France never to depart. May he who has never been an enthusiast cast the first stone! A coolness arose between the royal family and Lafayette, which eventually widened to an impassable abyss, distrust on part of the King continuing to increase from day to day. With the Queen this suspicion changed into hatred, and accepting as true the ceaseless calumnies regarding Lafayette, she soon regarded him as a dangerous enemy. As Captain General of the Parisian Guards, Lafayette was the only military power confronting the throne. A firm adherent to the Constitution, he did not disguise the fact that notwithstanding his attachment for him, that if he separated his cause from that of the people, he, Lafayette, would be on the side of the people. Marie Antoinette thenceforth regarded him as the enemy and oppressor. She convinced herself that, whatever might be the consequences, his services must be dispensed with, and to her last hour she negotiated with demagogues rather than accept the policy of Lafayette, which would have saved her life.

(Continued.)

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

PATRIOTIC COMMUNION.

IN this village, framed by majestic mountains, have been gathered together for patriotic communion many members of organizations from all over New England, from New York, and as far distant as Florida. To the courtesy and generosity of the Anna Stickney Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, the events of the week were made possible. They have covered themselves with glory, have set an example for a more dignified celebration of Independence day and brought together in social harmony many societies banded in the cause of the red, white, and blue.

With so many hostesses it is difficult to single out any one. Mrs. L. J. Ricker, of the Kearsarge House, Regent of the Chapter, had perhaps the largest number of guests, including the New Hampshire State Regent, Mrs. Josiah Carpenter, the State Regents of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Florida, Mrs. T. M. Brown, Mrs. D. G. Ambler, and Mrs. Susan A. Ballou; Chapter Regents, including Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, of the Old South, and Miss Marion H. Brazier, of the Bunker Hill; Mrs. W. W. Bailey and Miss Helen Bailey, of Nashua, the latter the President of the Maine and New Hampshire State Societies of the Daughters of 1812; Miss Rebecca Campbell, the Secretary; Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, Miss Margaret Lothrop, Mrs. E. J. Meade, of the Molly Var-num Chapter, Lowell; Mrs. Oliver Crane, of the Boston Tea Party, her mother, Mrs. Henry Bailey; Mrs. John Quincy Adams, Chapter member and Secretary of the Founders and Patriots of America; Dr. and Mrs. Seth Gordon; Seth Gordon, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Spelman, of Lowell; Mrs. W. S. Fitz, Vice-Regent of the oldest Chapter in Massa-

chusetts, the Warren and Prescott; Mr. W. W. Bailey, of Nashua, ex-President of the Sons of the American Revolution; Mr. Edward M. Brown, Mr. D. G. Ambler, and Miss L. W. Ambler, of Florida, and Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York.

Up at the Ridge, nestling at the foot of the Kearsarge Mountain, Mrs. H. H. Dow, Vice-Regent of the Chapter, had several guests, among whom are Mrs. S. A. Bartlett, of the Milford, New Hampshire, Chapter; Mrs. Mary L. Bowers, Mrs. Eva Gordon, Miss L. B. Getchell, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Floyd, to all of whom she was an ideal hostess, providing drives and extending extra courtesies.

Scattered throughout the village were Daughters and Sons, notably Mrs. C. S. W. Vinson, of the Bunker Hill Chapter; Mrs. E. M. White, Regent of the Framingham Chapter, who had six of her members here; one Son of the American Revolution, and one representative of the Society of living Grandsons, the only organization of its kind in America. Framingham, which, by the way, is the only town of that name in the world, is rich in the ancestry of its Chapter members, as nearly all fought side by side in the War of the Revolution.

On Saturday evening the festivities opened with a largely attended reception in the drawing-room of the Kearsarge. Mrs. L. J. Ricker received beneath a huge American flag, the largest hereabouts, and was richly attired in a decollete gown of black silk and lace, ornamented with flowers. She was assisted by the State Regents, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Ambler, and by Mrs. W. S. Fitz, of Boston, and Mrs. Daniel Lothrop.

Excellent music was furnished by Miss Edith M. Chase, Mrs. Margaret Biddle, pianists, and Mr. Julius L. Parks, of Cincinnati, cellist. W. W. Bailey, of Nashua, was master of ceremonies and introduced Mr. Edward McGlenen, of Boston, member of the various patriotic societies, who spoke for the Colonial Wars, as its secretary. Special tribute was paid to the men of New Hampshire, those who took active part and those who fought the battles of life without actually shouldering the musket.

Mr. John Quincy Adams spoke by request upon "Benedict

Arnold," crediting him with the good qualities he possessed, and mildly censuring his act of treason.

Mr. McGlenen arrived early in the evening with the Boston Cycle Club from Portland.

On Sunday a dignified service of patriotic song and speech was held in the Congregational church, conducted by Rev. W. H. Allis, who uttered timely words, making a strong plea for a better home life.

Monday, the Fourth, was memorable to the residents and visitors for the thrilling words of the male speakers and the general interest shown by young and old. The exercises were held in Thompson's grove, everybody marching there to the martial music of the North Conway band. Over a raised platform was Old Glory and fronting it were tall pines connected with Chinese lanterns. Near it sat two of the oldest persons in New Hampshire, Mrs. Irene Eastman Chase and Mr. Alonzo Barnes, daughter and son of revolutionary soldiers. Mrs. Chase is 86, Mr. Barnes 90, both in the full possession of their faculties.

Mr. W. W. Bailey presided, opening with an able discourse on "New Hampshire Men in the Colonial and Revolutionary Period." Space forbids a report of his eloquent utterances, which bespoke loyalty to his native State, home and country. Mr. John Quincy Adams, the next speaker, paid a glowing tribute to "Our Allies during the Revolution," making especial mention of Lafayette, Pulaski, Rochambeau and Von Steinhilber. His thrilling words and appeal for Old Glory created deserved applause.

Dr. Seth C. Gordon, of Portland, spoke eloquently for the Loyal Legion, of which he is president, and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Music was interspersed during the exercises and later a concert was given by the band on the lawn of the Kearsarge, repeating their success of the forenoon.

Mrs. L. J. Ricker presented her address of welcome in the evening before a large audience in the church. It was short and exceedingly effective. Mr. John Quincy Adams responded for the visitors. Mr. Adams, although bearing a Massachusetts name, is a native of New Hampshire and devotedly attached to this State. He is a descendant of the famous Adams

of revolutionary fame and possesses the courtly manners, combined with Democratic simplicity, which characterized his forefathers.

Tuesday was given over chiefly to the reports of visiting States and Chapter Regents and Children's Societies, many absent Chapters being represented by members who spoke for Regents.

It was the red-letter day of the week—a sort of conference and exchange of ideas for the good of the Order. There were words from Concord, Bunker Hill, from the Old South, John Adams and Paul Revere, and from others named for heroes and heroines and historic places.

Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of the New York City Chapter, by request, told first of the work of her Chapter, one of the first and largest and most progressive in the Order. Mrs. Josiah Carpenter, State Regent of New Hampshire, presided most gracefully during the day and evening, and all visitors are congratulating the New Hampshire ladies on their gracious representative.

The evening exercises were of exceptional merit—three notable addresses, the first by Mrs. Donald McLean, who spoke for the American flag. She carried in her hands a silken flag, which always accompanies her when she travels. Her words were thrilling and poetic, and her magnetism was keenly felt by all. It was through Mrs. McLean's influence the Chapter she represents presented the flag pole to Grant's tomb.

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop spoke for the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, of which she is President, and showed the love she feels for the boys and girls as she has ever shown it in her charming books. As Margaret Sydney she is known in the world of child literature.

Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, of Boston, a native of Somersworth, closed the evening with a charming talk, speaking for the New Hampshire Daughters club of Boston, the largest of native born Daughters in the land. Her words were punctuated with witty remarks and side hits on the new woman question.

"America" was sung by all, as at each closing hour, and patriotic music was rendered by local talent during the evening.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Susan T. Ballou, State Regent of Rhode Island, presided, and introduced Miss Rebecca Campbell, of Nashua, who read an able and concise paper on the Daughters of 1812 of this State and Maine. She was most enthusiastically received and her paper was one of the hits of the week. Mr. W. S. Pitkin, of Washington and a native of Connecticut, gave an interesting talk on Nathan Hale, which was greatly appreciated. Mrs. Laura W. Fowler followed with a few words on the work of the Ladies' Aid Association of Massachusetts, its aims and its accomplishments along patriotic lines.

The Anne Stickney Chapter was presented on Wednesday a framed lithograph flag, by Miss Brazier, Regent of the Bunker Hill Chapter, Boston, one of two hundred placed in the public schools of Greater Boston by her wide-awake Chapter, which celebrated its first birthday June 17, this year with one hundred members and a long waiting list.

Thursday the ladies began to "break ranks," some going to the Summit, some to Jackson, others to their homes. In the evening the convention closed with a concert in the parlors of the Kearsarge, given by the Waumbek Bathna Chapter, Children of the American Revolution, assisted by eminent musical talent, local and visiting. Mrs. Daniel Lothrop presided.

More than a word must be said of the exceptional loan exhibition in Masonic Hall, consisting of historical and revolutionary relics of priceless value—more than five hundred in number, and gathered chiefly from the Saco Valley folks. Many were sent from Fryeburg, Maine, and Massachusetts. Mr. Robinson, of Boston, sent a valuable collection, among which are mosaics taken from a Pompeiian house, and are over two thousand years old, a piece of the first Atlantic cable, Indian and Mexican relics of great value, etc. There are swords carried at Bunker Hill, family crests of the McMillians (one of whose descendants, Miss Janette McMillian, being largely responsible for the exhibit), a copy of the original certificate of the Order of the Cincinnati, plates from the Mayflower, papers signed by Washington, books and no end of articles to delight the heart of the revolutionary descendants assembled here.

Too high a tribute cannot be paid to the ladies who have labored for months to make the events of the week possible. Everyone is delighted.

MARION HOWARD.

BUNKER HILL CHAPTER.—*Members of Bunker Hill Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Friends:* One year ago to-day an interested company, guests of Abraham Lincoln Post, Grand Army of the Republic, heroes of '61, assembled in this room to participate in the formal organization of a branch of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. The name chosen was Bunker Hill Chapter. None, unless absolutely lacking in imagination, could fail to see the appropriateness and fine patriotic sentiment underlying that memorable occasion.

This being our first birthday we feel a natural pride that the year has been so successful, and we trust our friends will pardon what may seem like vanity, for every one of us is convinced that never were links in the patriotic chain that extends all over and across our beloved country, formed under such inspiring circumstances.

It was the very day and the very place for such an event, and everyone felt the enthusiasm of the occasion. Not only was it the anniversary of the noble although seemingly disastrous fight made by that little company of untrained men determined to be free from the tyrannical rule of Great Britain, but the fight took place right here, almost on the very spot. Is it any wonder that we, the proud and loyal daughters of such valiant men, are bound by the strongest ties of patriotism and thrilled to the heart when Bunker Hill day dawns?

The noise from the streets, filled with boisterous throngs, came to us here and made us realize more fully than ever the dignity of our aim, the significance of the work we had undertaken. We organized in the hope of becoming an ennobling influence in the community; to show how, in a quiet way, the standard of patriotic celebrations can be raised and the prosperity and peace of the Nation promoted.

We began with a Chapter membership of 38. To-day we number 100, with a waiting list. It is impossible to speak of

our organization or subsequent work without paying deference to the usual ability of our Regent, Miss Brazier. While Historian of the Paul Revere Chapter she conceived the idea of establishing this Chapter, and she performed all the details necessary to that end. Historians tell us that our forefathers threw up the entrenchments around Bunker Hill in about four hours, thereby causing utter amazement to the Red Coats, who beheld them next day. Miss Brazier inherits just the sort of pluck and determination which gave power to her ancestor's muscle on that day.

This sort of "go-aheaditiveness" has established a record for Bunker Hill Chapter among the national officers, and has helped inspire us all to energetic efforts for the work in which we are so sincerely interested.

Our Regent and two other Daughters are descendants of John Hicks, who responded immediately to the call for "Minute Men," when the alarm was sounded through the sleeping hours by the galloping horseman on that April night, and the first to be killed at Lexington. He is mentioned by Longfellow in "Paul Revere's Ride" as

"One was safe and asleep in his bed,
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball."

His name heads the list of heroes carved on the monument erected by the citizens of Cambridge opposite the entrance to Harvard College.

Our ranks also include several descendants of the Bunker and Breed families, who owned the ground now so closely associated with the country's history. We have near relatives of Joseph Warren, and Colonel Prescott, one of the commanders at the battle of Bunker Hill, whose statue adorns the grassy slope surrounding the granite shaft to which New England eyes turn with such deep affection.

Several descendants of Mayflower families are among us, and we also rejoice in the proud distinction of having a member whose ancestor, Deborah Sampson, that courageous soul, who in male attire served with distinction and honor as Robert Shurtleff in the Revolutionary Army, and to whom there is no

parallel in the annals of any nation. A bunch of flowers that grew on her grave in Sharon is one of the treasures of the Chapter scrap book.

In the book also are numerous letters sent from far and near congratulating us on our auspicious beginning. Our gavel was the gift of Mrs. Jennie Franklin Hichborn, Ex-Vice-President in Charge of Organization. It is made from a piece of wood from the gunstock of a soldier under "Light Horse Harry Lee," of Virginia, in 1776. The handle is from the United States steamship Hartford, made in the Charlestown navy yard in 1848. This and other valuable treasures form a nucleus for a collection of historic relics in the custody of our Registrar, Mrs. Emilie L. W. Waterman, whose loyalty to the Chapter is shown by her careful preparation of a lineage book.

In this connection it is perhaps appropriate to speak of the creditable showing made by our Chapter at the Loan Exhibition given in Boston last April under the auspices of the Daughters of the Revolution. A large show case held such interesting relics as revolutionary pension papers, a sword carried at Bunker Hill, also cannon balls, belt, drumsticks, knee buckles, pewter and silver pieces, a fourteen star American flag, piece of the Old North bridge, and colonial documents and books of great value.

A noticeable feature of our Chapter is the enthusiasm of its members. Our Regent, ever on the alert for "the good of the Order," has only to make a suggestion and every Daughter is eager to do her share. The attendance throughout the year has averaged well, several members having attended every meeting save one. Miss Amelia Johnson, Mrs. W. H. Alline, Mrs. C. S. W. Vinson, Miss Marie Ware Haughton, with the Regent, hold the banner record.

Our first meeting after organization was a special one called in September for the purpose of meeting Mrs. Donald McLean, our honored guest, Regent of the New York City Chapter, who delivered an inspiring address along patriotic lines. On that day our Regent presented to our Chapter a bust of Paul Revere. There have been numerous other events which we recall with much pleasure. Conspicuous among them was our New Year Day celebration, an "open house," held at Hotel Copley and

attended by a large number of invited guests, representing patriotic societies. In January we were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Alexander Martin, a feature of the programme being the presentation of a flag to the Chapter by our hostess. Every third meeting has been held in Charlestown, and pleasant indeed were the afternoons when our members here opened their hospitable homes. In February a successful entertainment was given in Pierce Hall. It was a patriotic recital and the profits gave us a start toward a contingent fund which we purpose to use for distinctly patriotic work.

Our Regent and delegate, Mrs. Alline, with several members went to the Continental Congress held in Washington from February 22 to 27, and gave interesting reports and reminiscences at subsequent meetings. Our Chapter stands firm on its allegiance to the National body, and we do not endorse the movement toward a State organization.

Through the influence of our Chapter one of the Boston daily papers printed on September 19, Washington's Farewell Address to the American people, speaking editorially in the most complimentary terms of our efforts to keep alive public interest in all that bears on the struggle for American independence. We are delighted to see our suggestion adopted regarding the display of flags on that day, and from the monument, the public library, the leading hotels, and many buildings the stars and stripes were flying. At our request, through Miss Mary E. Elliot, the address was read in several public schools of Somerville (through the courtesy of Mayor Perry).

In May our Regent visited the schools of Charlestown and presented to the master of each a framed lithograph of the most beautiful flag among the nations of the world. The pictures were the gift of the Century Company, the expense of framing was the Chapter's contribution; one of these, suitably engrossed, was sent to adorn the National Society's rooms in Washington, and in time we hope to place one in all the schools of greater Boston.

We have had special meetings "to get acquainted," and on almost every occasion have had as guests members of the Daughters of the Revolution with whom we work in harmony and right cordial energy for the promotion of the principles of

good citizenship and patriotism. Many of our members have joined the recently organized "Society of 1812."

We feel especially favored in having among our officers Mrs. Waterman, department president of the Massachusetts Woman's Relief Corps; the department secretary, Miss Mary E. Elliot, and members of Abraham Lincoln and other Relief Corps, earnest and faithful workers for the "Boys in Blue." Charlestown is represented by thirty-two members. Our honorary list includes Mrs. L. A. Turner, one of the founders of the Relief Corps and a life member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. Herbert Timmins, sister of Mrs. Roger Wolcott, the wife of our honored governor, who is a descendant of Colonel Prescott.

This, in brief, is our beginning. We have accomplished no wonder, have overturned no empires, nor do we weep for worlds to conquer. Our little part in the busy drama of our country has been performed with earnestness, if not with brilliancy, and we look forward to greater things.—Miss S. M. BROWN, *Historian*.

OLD DOMINION CHAPTER—A most interesting Loan Exhibition of portraits, miniatures, relics and curios is now being held in Richmond, Virginia. It is under the auspices of the Old Dominion Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and is for the benefit of the Virginia Historical Society. The exhibition has evoked a surprising number of antiquities and occupies two large houses. The walls of most of the rooms are thickly hung with portraits, engravings, and rare prints. There are over a hundred and fifteen oil portraits alone, many of which are very valuable. The collection boasts a portrait by Vandyke of Hugò Grotius. Perhaps the portrait of most general interest is that of Washington by Peale; near it hangs a portrait of Martha Washington in her old age, and one of Bartholemew Dandridge, Washington's nephew and private secretary. There are several by Sully, notably those of the elder Booth and Patrick Henry. Hanging beneath the latter is a line from Chief Justice Marshall, testifying to the accuracy of the likeness. The portrait of Garibaldi was presented by its original to a young Virginian who served gallantly under him

and afterwards returned to his native State only to lose his life in the Civil War.

A little further on is a portrait from life of Napoleon, painted in 1808, and one likewise from life, of Sir Walter Scott by Cumming. The student of colonial history will be interested in the portraits of Governor Alexander Spotswood, in full court costume, and of Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, who drew the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina, and founded Richmond. There is also Byrd's daughter Evelyn, a colonial beauty and belle, who, they say, died of a broken heart. A beauty of a later date hangs not far away, Anne Randolph of Walton, known to Jefferson and his friends as "the lovely Nancy Wilton."

Besides the oil portraits, there are a large number of Saint Menin's—those much prized crayon profiles on pink backgrounds—and also a collection of silhouettes. One shows us John Randolph of Roanoke as he appeared when he embarked for Russia. Another is John Marshall, his chin buried in a voluminous stock. That of Daniel Webster would indicate that the statesman decidedly inclined to embonpoint.

From grotesque silhouettes one gladly turns to cases filled with miniatures by Sharpless, Sully and other artists. Among them is that of Maria Ward, John Randolph's life-long love. A case of French miniatures after David, de la Roche, and Le Brun is especially worthy of attention. With the miniatures are a number of queer old mourning brooches, one of which, made in Paris from the hair of the deceased, represents a husband, sister, and five children weeping at the tomb. There are many beautiful pictures other than portraits, including a head of a Circassian girl from Joseph Bonaparte's collection, and a flower piece painted in Germany in the seventeenth century.

Passing from art to letters we may find many "original documents." Resolutions against the Stamp Act in Patrick Henry's handwriting and which were especially mentioned in will; a commission of Robert Hunter as Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, dated 1707, closely written in Latin and bearing a handsome portrait of Prince George; a subscription list in Powhatan County to pay soldiers in the Continental Line; an

autograph letter from Queen Anna, and a warrant signed by King George IV. In these days of rapid transit one reads with amusement a letter, dated 1818, telling of a trip in that year from Caroline County, Virginia, to Kentucky, which took thirty-two days. Besides the above mentioned there are autographed letters from Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Henry Clay, Lafayette, Patrick Henry, and Winfield Scott among statesmen; and from Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, William Cullen Bryant, Hallam and Edgar Allen Poe among writers. My Lady Blessington's signature is there and that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the latter attached, alas! to an unpaid promissory note.

Social devotees scan with interest a dinner invitation in Thomas Jefferson's angular handwriting, and an invitation to a ball given to Lafayette in Pittsburg in 1824, as well as an invitation to one given him in Richmond in the same year. A card to a "petit dinner," given in France in 1796, lies side by side with a printed invitation to the funeral of a Virginian of revolutionary fame.

For the book lover there are some rare volumes. A "Historie of the Reformation of the Church of Scotland," by John Knox, was published in 1644. Upon its yellowed title page are the words: "Printed at Edinburgh by Robert Brydon, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of Jones." If one fails to take interest in Knox "Historie" of the Scottish church he can read that of Archbishop Spottswood, published thirty-three years later.

In the room containing arms hang the pistols with which Henry Clay and John Randolph settled their little differences, while framed above them is a relic of more peaceful days in the shape of an invitation to dinner from one of the combatants to the other.

Among the Indian relics is a dull ugly object which at first appears uninteresting, but upon closer inspection proves to be the crown of the Queen of the Parmunkey Indians. It is of silver, darkened by time and the elements, and was presented to the Parmunkey Queen by Charles II upon the occasion of her husbands being killed while fighting for the English. Of

course Pocahontas smiles from the walls upon the relics of her race.

Most interesting to feminine visitors is the display of antique dresses, fans, laces, and needlework. A huge green calash, closing like the top of a buggy, surmounts the short-waisted gray poplin gown with which it was worn. Pearly white satin slippers lie there, on whose high heels the wearer felt none too exalted when she trod a minuet with Washington. A superb clock, making the time, day of the week, and day of the month, was once the property of Marie Antoinette.

Besides the relics of Patrick Henry already mentioned there are a number of others. His large bowed spectacles, his knee-buckles, a leaf from the old family Bible with the record "this day P. Henry married Dorathea Dandridge," and the chair in which he died.

Under a picture of Montpelier is a case filled with Madison relics. The Madison family Bible contains the entry of the future President's birth. Two widely differing relics of the famous Dolly are her snuff-box and work-basket. A rose-colored ball gown, once worn by the President's sister, is on exhibition and a number of Madison letters, in one of which James Madison, Sr., deploras that "Jimmy's" winter clothing and provisions have not yet reached him, but are lying in Fredericksburg, and "not liable to get passage from there this winter." As the future President was then in Philadelphia at school, and the letter was written on the 29th of December, the situation was truly pitiable.

The relics of Commodore Matthew Maury at the Exhibit are numerous and so precious that it is hard to discriminate. One views with interest a brooch consisting of a round pearl and fifteen large diamonds, which were sent to Mrs. Maury by the Czar of Russia, who also offered Commodore Maury a home upon the banks of the Neva. A number of large gold medals were struck in his honor by various Princes and by the Republic of Bremen and thirteen silver medals were sent him by Pope Pius IX. Several decorations were bestowed upon him, among them the Dannebrog of Denmark, the Tower and Sword of Portugal, and the Mexican Grand Cross of Our Lady of Guadeloupe. All of the above mentioned are at the Loan Exhibition.—MARY LYONS MAYO.

THE CÆSAR RODNEY CHAPTER, of Wilmington, Delaware, commemorated in fitting style the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of Mecklenburg, North Carolina.

The meeting and exercises were held at "Grubb's Landing," the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke Churchman, State Regent of Delaware, Daughters of the American Revolution, a most appropriate place for a patriotic meeting, as it was the landing for supplies for the soldiers engaged in the battle of the Brandywine during the Revolutionary War. Miss Waples, the Chapter Regent, presided. The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Chapter Chaplain, Miss Harriette Warrick Mahon, after which the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read, also reports from the Local Board of Management. It was decided that on Decoration Day flags should be placed upon the grave of Cæsar Rodney by the Chapter.

Mrs. Churchman was called to the chair, and Mrs. Elizabeth Wiltbank Clark rose to introduce a resolution of thanks to Miss Waples, Chapter Regent, for the courtesy, fidelity, and impartiality with which she presided over and conducted the meetings of the Cæsar Rodney Chapter during the past two years.

On motion, the resolution was adopted by a rising vote, the entire Chapter rising with much enthusiasm and waving the stars and stripes. The Regent's face betrayed the emotion which she felt, as she returned her thanks, for the expressions contained in the resolution.

Miss Turner, the Treasurer of the Chapter, read the following paper on the subject of the anniversary ;

"This, our last meeting for the season, falling, as it does, upon the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of Mecklenburg, North Carolina, it seems but fit we should give a few moments retrospection to May 20, 1775, after reviewing our work for the past year. North Carolina, and especially the people of Mecklenburg, was ripe for revolution from the beginning, proclaiming Independence on the 20th of May, 1775, in advance of all the other Colonies. Washington Irvin in the fourth volume of the Biography of Washington, speaking of the invasion of North Carolina, says: 'Above all it should never be forgotten that at Mecklenburg, in the heart of North Carolina, was fulminated the first Declaration of Independence of the British Crown, upwards of a year before a like declaration by Congress.' This

Declaration of Independence was drawn up by Doctor Ephraim Brevard, and conceived and brought about through the instrumentality of Colonel Thomas Polk, Abraham Alexander, John McKnitt Alexander, Adam Alexander, Ephraim Brevard, John Phifer, Hezekiah Alexander, and some others. A few days thereafter, Captain James Jack, of the town of Charlotte, went as a messenger to bear the resolves to Congress, in Philadelphia, and delivered it to Richard Caswell, and William Hooper, Delegates in Congress from North Carolina. The striking similarity of expression in the concluding sentences of the Mecklenburg Declaration of May the 20th, 1775, and the Declaration by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, has been repeatedly urged and relied upon as disapproving the authenticity of the former, but it is not very strange that men who think alike should speak alike on the same subject. The sentiments embodied by Thomas Jefferson were not peculiar to himself, but adopted by him as expressive of the common language of that eventful period, and it is not hazarding too much to say, there is no event in the American Revolution which has been, or can be more fully or clearly authenticated, than that we commemorate to-day - the Declaration of Independence of 1775."

William Hooper, one of the delegates in Congress from North Carolina, to whom the Declaration was delivered by Captain James Jack, was a relative of Sarah Hooper, the great-grandmother of Miss Turner.

Miss Mahon, the Chaplain of the Chapter, reported: "The officers of the Chapter who had been present at each meeting during the entire year were Miss Waples, Chapter Regent, and Miss Turner, Chapter Treasurer, and Mrs. M. Elizabeth Wiltbank Clark, Mrs. Ella Clifton Drein, Mrs. Sophie C. Hall, Mrs. Sarah Tennent Waples Turner, Miss Helen Ernestine Van Trump, the members present; also Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke Churchman, State Regent of Delaware Daughters of the American Revolution, and honored member of the Cæsar Rodney Chapter, attended each and every meeting. Although the Cæsar Rodney Chapter is a young Chapter in years we are already wearing the laurel of success and, as from the first, the purest and loftiest patriotism was our principle, it is to be earnestly hoped that in all our doings we continue to be guided by the highest principles, and that in the future our untiring efforts may help to still further strengthen the national organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution and perpetuate a love and veneration for the great men and noble women whose memories we should delight to honor. And now, let us give

three cheers for the great men and noble women of the Revolution, for Delaware (the first of the thirteen original States) and for Delaware's Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, our kind hostess to-day."

At the conclusion of the business and literary programme Mrs. Churchman presented, as the guest of honor, Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, president of the General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, who in well chosen terms outlined the attitude of their Society toward the Daughters of the American Revolution and the earnest desire for the reunion of the two Societies in the near future.

Upon a few parting words from the Chapter Regent the meeting adjourned, the members looking forward with the utmost pleasure to the autumn meeting, which will be held September 11, to celebrate the battle of Brandywine and begin the winter's work.

The members and guests were handsomely entertained by Mrs. Churchman, as the final ceremony of the afternoon, with an elaborate repast.—CAROLINE MAHON DENISON, *Secretary*.

MINNEAPOLIS CHAPTER.—It has become a fixed custom with our Chapter to hold at least two open meetings during the year, and the Daughters look forward to these with feelings something akin to the Thanksgiving and Fourth of July heart-throbs.

These are times of looking backwards and of glancing forward. These are the meetings in all the year when husbands and friends of the Daughters, together with the Sons of the Revolution and Sons of the American Revolution are invited.

As our Chapter has now assumed such proportions as to have outgrown the possibility of entertainment in a private house, the first open meeting of this year was held in Rawlins Post Hall, Grand Army of the Republic, Masonic Temple, January 29. The hall, with its adjoining reception rooms were artistically draped and decorated with flags, palms and flowers, while our gracious Regent, Mrs. Annie M. Torrance, presided over the evening's entertainment with the same charm that we are accustomed to in her own beautiful home. Beside her on the platform sat our genial State Regent, Mrs. A. M. Newport,

together with several officers from various Chapters in the State, our honored guests of the evening.

If the AMERICAN MONTHLY could only know the joy that the Minneapolis Chapter has in the possession of a very real own Daughter it would pardon the expressed pride that we took in giving Mrs. M. G. McDonald an especially conspicuous arm-chair on one side of the platform, while a corresponding one on the other side was occupied by our Chaplain, Mrs. C. O. Van Cleve, whom all the West knows and delights to honor. The strong, sweet faces of these two grand and beautiful women shed a benediction on the audience and lent an old-time charm to the setting of the picture platform with its younger but not youthful faces. You have been in some ancestral home where portraits of distinguished heads of families graced the walls of parlors and of the halls, and made you walk with lighter steps, and speak in gentler tone because those eyes on canvas were following you. Well! ———

Early in the year, at the suggestion of our Regent, the Minneapolis Chapter decided to take "Honoring the Flag" for their discussions at all meetings of the year; and for this occasion two very able papers were prepared, one by Mrs. E. S. Williams on Valley Forge, where several of her ancestors spent part of a cruel winter defending their country's flag, and the other by the well known writer, Mrs. Alice Hamilton Rich, upon Honoring the Flag. Mrs. Rich's appeal to mothers to link the waving of a tiny flag in baby's hands with the singing of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," as mother's lullaby, and so uniting the two that the words of the one shall be as indelibly stamped upon the mind of the child as are the colors of the other; so that the Daughters of the future may not do dishonor to their patriotism as we too often do, by needing to have before them the printed words of our patriotic songs, was received with merited applause, while in unmeasured words of condemnation she showed in how many ways "Old Glory" is thoughtlessly dishonored, as in stamping upon its folds the faces of political candidates or by using our country's emblem for a table cloth on which to serve up Fourth of July dinners.

Mrs. Van Cleve, in her inimitable way, gave a brief talk on the same subject. An immense flag was so arranged and held

in place as to give to the venerable white-haired woman a charming background while she was speaking, which made the picture an inspiring and impressive one.

Our State Regent, Mrs. Newport, on being introduced, spoke of the special objects of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of their work and progress, emphasizing the importance of work among the children and strongly recommending the organizing of Societies for them. She gave a charming account of the Children's Society in St. Paul, which is under the direction of Mrs. Smith.

At the conclusion of the literary programme refreshments were served in the side parlors, and a delightful social hour was enjoyed, where all had the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Newport and the other honored guests, and of exchanging greetings with the Sons. Music? Of course we had music, and never was Mr. Finel, the tenor of the Church of the Redeemer, in better voice than in rendering the patriotic songs of this evening. With the "Star Spangled Banner" the literary programme closed, Mr. Finel being joined in the chorus by the entire assembly. We simply couldn't help it. Thus closed the first open meeting of our Chapter for 1897.—LENA EHLE WARD, *Historian*.

GENERAL NICHOLAS HERKIMER CHAPTER, of Herkimer, New York, having selected the capture of Fort Ticonderoga as the Chapter Day, they celebrated the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the capture Monday, May 10, 1897. At the court house the Chapter entertained the officers of the Oneida Chapter, of Utica, the officers and members of the Astenrogen Chapter, of Little Falls, the Sons of the American Revolution of Herkimer, and a few invited guests. The rooms were beautifully and artistically decorated with the stars and stripes, and in the upper room the colors of the Chapter, red and white, were displayed in the decorations of the tables. The guests were received by the Regent, Mrs. W. C. Prescott, and the officers of the local Chapter. After the singing of "America," the Chapter Hymn, the Regent extended a hearty welcome to the guests, saying:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution: In the name of the General Nicholas Herkimer Chapter, I bid you welcome. When I organized a Chapter in Herkimer last October, with fourteen charter members, I little thought that in less than six months we would have a membership of thirty-one, including an original daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Petrie Gray, who, I regret to say, could not be with us this evening. There are several papers waiting in Washington to be verified, and we hope at the time of the annual meeting that we shall have fifty members. It has been very gratifying to me to have so much interest manifested by my friends. Some interesting papers have been read at our meetings the past winter, and we have enjoyed the hospitality of the Daughters. Everything has moved along smoothly and the Chapter has stood by the Regent in all her projects. "America" was chose as the Chapter Hymn, and it has been most enthusiastically sung at every meeting.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that it was a stroke of genius in the author of "America" when he wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," instead of *our* country. And this happy choice of a word has made the national hymn the expression of personal devotion to our native land, and has endeared it to everyone alike. I read a very amusing incident, in connection with the hymn, that occurred in New York, where a party of ladies and gentlemen were entertaining an Englishman. Just before the guests departed for their homes, a lady at the piano played "America." The hostess ran to her in alarm and said, "Please don't play that, that man will discover that we don't know our national song! We Americans are always put in a ridiculous position when patriotic songs come up. Every foreigner knows his own, but very few of us know ours." It was too late. The company caught the first bar and fell to singing. Everybody got as far as "Of thee I sing," and then the Americans began to replace the words with la—la—la. The Englishman sang straight ahead, and the hostess looked at him in amazement. "He is the only one present that knows the words," she said. She walked nearer and listened. "Thank heaven! it isn't so. He is singing 'God Save the Queen' to the tune."

I am very glad to see so many Sons of the American Revolution present, and sincerely hope they will soon have a Chapter here. Then the two Chapters can combine in doing some patriotic work. Much is needed in the old churchyard at Fort Herkimer, where I noticed several of the graves of revolutionary soldiers needed new markers. We have also in consideration the offer of prizes in our public schools for the best essay on the days of '76. We are anxious to arouse an honest pride in and reverence for those who assisted in founding the Republic, and at the same time to foster a love of country that shall be strong enough to not only make the rising generation willing (if need be) to die for it, but what is more to make them so to live as to carry out in spirit what the founders planned.

We are here this evening to celebrate the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775. In selecting that date for Chapter Day, we wish to commemorate not only the day, but the brave spirit of Ethan Allen, who, with the ominous word surrender, took the English captain, De la Place, by surprise, and in answer to his trembling query as to the authority for his audacious demand he was met by the reply, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." As the Continental Congress was yet unborn (by several hours), and probably unheralded to those English ears, the demand in its name must have become peculiarly bewildering.

It was happily a bloodless victory. When we read of the bravery and courage of Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys, how Captain Noah Phelps, of Simsbury, Connecticut, had been intrusted with the hazardous duty of investigating the strength and condition of the garrison at the post, and at the same time without arousing the suspicion of Captain De la Place had inveigled him into very confidential disclosures as to the state of defense, and great lack of ammunition, and getting safely back to Allen with his welcome information, and the hurry in which the eighty-three men were transported across the lake and the final capture of the fort, we cannot help but admire the man who could accomplish so much in the face of such great danger.

As I have asked one of the Sons of the American Revolution to give you a short address on the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, I will stop or I shall be trespassing on his domain.

With Old Glory floating so proudly about us we cannot help being imbued with the spirit of patriotism. Look to it Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution in Herkimer, that you make for yourselves a name that for patriotic work may be known throughout the country.

Again I bid you welcome.

The "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung, after which Hon. A. B. Steele, a Son of the American Revolution, of Herkimer, was introduced and gave an interesting address on "The Capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys."

Miss Rawdon, the Regent of the Little Falls Chapter, spoke briefly, and a letter was read from the State Regent. The Chapter regretted that it was impossible for Miss Forsyth to be with them on this occasion. The singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" concluded the exercises, after which refreshments were served and each guest presented with a small silk flag, the gift of the Regent. Music was furnished throughout the evening by the Herkimer Symphony Orchestra. The

occasion was a delightful one, and served to awaken the patriotism of every guest present, and it will no doubt result in an increase of membership for the General Nicholas Herkimer Chapter.—ELIZABETH BACON MAY, *Historian*.

MARY BALL CHAPTER (Tacoma, Washington).—The history of the Mary Ball Chapter for the year 1896-7 has been a quiet one, but looking over the events of the year we find that much has been done to widen its influence. Although its growth may appear slow to us, we know that by the mere fact of its existence in Tacoma a large number of women have been led to take a new interest in patriotism and ancestry which is sure to bear fruit in good season. And its influence is not confined to Tacoma and the State. As each pebble cast into the water causes a wave to circle in wider and still wider space, so each Daughter of the American Revolution Chapter, through its united or individual effort is the means of awakening interest where none was felt before.

Some changes in officers at the beginning of the year were necessitated by the resignation from the Chapter of the Regent, Mrs. H. C. Wallace, on account of ill health. Mrs. J. C. Stallcup was elected to fill her place and has worked faithfully for the best interests of the Chapter. Most of the meetings of the year have been held at her home and she has always been in readiness to do all in her power to impart information and assistance. Mrs. Alexander Smith was elected to fill the place left vacant by the promotion of Mrs. Stallcup to the Regency and has been faithful in attendance. Mrs. Sherman has filled the office of Secretary, never a light duty. Mrs. Lehman was continued in the office of Registrar, while Mrs. Thomas has guarded the treasury so well that not only is the Chapter not in debt but has money in hand.

The Chapter has been honored by having one of its charter members, Mrs. C. W. Griggs, made State Regent. The delegates to the Continental Congress, Mrs. Gowey and Miss Wheeler did efficient work, and the latter wrote a most graphic account of the convention, which was read before the Chapter. Much regret was felt by the Chapter on the resignation of Mrs. E. F. Jacobs, one of its charter members and a very earnest

worker. Great interest has been taken in the acquisition of two real Daughters of the Revolution, Mrs. Rebecca Smith Tylee, aged 87 years, and Miss Elizabeth Bartlett, aged 94 years. The souvenir spoons received are highly prized. Several new names have been accepted by the local board, and will doubtless be in active membership at the beginning of the new year. Space for the planting of two beds of roses was granted by the park commissioners, and the Chapter now has near its historic trees in Wright Park two thrifty beds, one of La France, the other Jacqueminot roses. Park Superintendent Roberts generously donated several dozen from his collection. The Chapter took an active part in the Rose Carnival in July last and furnished a handsome float, commemorative of its aims, for the occasion. Some interesting papers have been read before the Chapter, notably one by Mrs. Lehman on "The Early History of Oregon and Washington." The "Flag Day" was an extremely interesting one. The meeting was held at Mrs. Holt's, and an illustrated history of American flags was presented by the hostess in a very artistic manner. Mrs. Noel, President of the Mary Lamphier Chapter, Children of the American Revolution, with several of the members was present, and other guests shared a very pleasant entertainment. Easter buns and tea were served and flowers and sunshine added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The social event of the year have been extremely enjoyable. January 11, the Alexander Hamilton Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, of Tacoma, entertained the Chapter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Foster. The house was beautifully decorated with red, white, and blue. The affair was in the nature of a reception. About fifty people were present and choice music and dainty refreshments added to the pleasure of the evening.

On the 20th of February a large and successful reception was given by the Chapter at the home of Mrs. H. M. Thomas to eligible ladies of the city and Seattle. The house was tastefully decorated, the reception committee, consisting of the officers and others, becomingly arrayed, the refreshments of the choicest, music and patriotism filled the air, and the fairest of Tacoma's daughters chatted merrily of ancestry and

noble deeds, and felt a new interest in the heritage of bravery and honor which was theirs to glory in. Daughters of the Daughters, too, were there and aided in receiving and serving the guests with delicious refreshments.

On the 22d the Mary Ball and the Ranier Chapter, of Seattle, were entertained by the Washington Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and Washington Society of Sons of the Revolution at Seattle. Several members of the Chapter attended and were most courteously entertained.

Such occasions are sure bonds of union between those who should by every association of common loyalty and patriotism stand as the best representatives of those who by their heroic qualities gave to us this grand union of States. When we realize that in the short time since the first organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution over eighteen thousand women have become members we can feel only encouragement over the result.—JULIA RANDOLPH HARDENBERGH, *Historian*.

PEACE PARTY CHAPTER.—On the afternoon of Saturday, April 24, at the beautiful home of Mrs James Hinsdale, in the city of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was held a most delightful and important meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The new Peace Party Chapter was called together by their Regent, Mrs. James B. Cane, of Dalton, Massachusetts, to receive the charter which had been granted them by the National Society. When all were assembled the Regent called the meeting to order. After the singing of "America," the Regent introduced the Hon. Henry J. L. Dawes who officially presented the charter with a few fitting and graceful remarks. The Regent of the Chapter in accepting the charter made a brief and appropriate reply. A very instructive and interesting report of the Continental Congress, at Washington, was given by the Regent. Papers were read upon the preliminary treaty of peace, with a short sketch of the Pittsfield "Peace Party," from which event of purely local historical interest the new Chapter takes its name. A paper upon Paul Revere and his historic ride to Lexington was also read by the Historian. Mrs. Hinsdale, the hostess, added a most pleasing entertainment to the meeting. Tea and refresh-

ments were served in the beautiful dining-room, which was charmingly decorated with flags, flowers, and the national colors." The Peace Party Chapter, though still in its infancy, promises to be of untold benefit and profit to its members.

SWEKATSI CHAPTER, (Ogdensburg, New York).—Would the Daughters of other Chapters like to hear what we are doing up in this northern region? We have but just passed our first birthday, yet we do not hesitate to compare our year's work with that of older Chapters. Our celebration of Washington's Birthday in an appropriate and interesting manner has been mentioned before in this Magazine so we pass to the next special occasion, the Chapter day celebration on June first. One of our members living twelve miles away invited us to her beautiful home, on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, upon which river our little city is also located. A steamer was chartered and the members of the Chapter with a few friends, in all about seventy-five, passed a delightful hour on the river. Upon arriving at the home of our hostess we were surprised and delighted at the preparations which had been made for our comfort and amusement.

An informal reception was held, after which came short addresses from several of the gentlemen present, filled to the brim with patriotism and good wishes for the success of our organization. Side by side stood the Roman Catholic Bishop of this diocese and the aged and beloved pastor of the Presbyterian church of Ogdensburg. Each modestly reminded us of the part his church had taken in the founding of this great Republic, yet so cordial and full of brotherly love was the feeling between them that our hearts if not our voices joined in that grand old hymn, "Blest be the 'Tie that Binds Our Hearts in Christian Love.'" Patriotic music, beautifully rendered, was also a feature of the entertainment and after partaking of a repast equal to any enjoyed by our revolutionary ancestors, we bade our host and hostess good-bye and made our way back to the boat. The return trip in the waning sunlight was delightful and the time was spent in recalling the pleasant incidents of the day and trying to find who could reach the highest limb on the ancestral tree.

On July 4 the Chapter attended a short patriotic service in St. John's Episcopal Church, conducted by the able rector, Dr. Morrison, now Bishop of Duluth. Up to this time our regular monthly meetings had been well attended, and the time filled with readings from colonial history, but we now adjourned until fall. The first event of importance after our summer's vacation was a visit from Miss Forsyth, our State Regent. Miss Hasbrouck, Regent of our Chapter, gave a reception in her honor, and after appropriate addresses of welcome from some of the guests, Miss Forsyth in a heartfelt manner and with eloquent words of good cheer and encouragement, presented the charter to the Chapter. The good feeling shown throughout the evening was sufficient proof that each member would earnestly endeavor to promote the interests of the organization. The crowning work of the year was the Loan Exhibition, a means of raising money which I see has been resorted to by some other Chapters. The particular object we had in view was to raise funds for the purchase of books upon American history for our public library. The labor was great, perhaps greater than we anticipated, but from the traveler in many climes down to the little girl who wished the guimp taken out of her dress before she attended because it was "a low-necked shibition," all seemed both pleased and surprised. The result was gratifying in more ways than one, for it showed us that it was not necessary to go to the large cities to find an art museum of no mean proportions, and as for the historical department, from the warming pans and footstools which toasted the toes of our Pilgrim Fathers to the bonnets worn by their granddaughters, each article claimed attention, either as an object of curiosity or for its intrinsic value. The portrait gallery was a place of great interest to all. The collection was local and in some cases, where the catalogue had been neglected, the beholder found herself gazing into the face of her great-grandmother and admiring the graceful contour of her features without knowing upon whom she was bestowing her attention. Family resemblances were strikingly illustrated. "Susannah," whose portrait was one hundred and fifty years old, never imagined that she would have a great-great-great-niece who

so closely resembled her that strangers would ask if she was a relative, but such was the case.

Among the relics of the Civil War interest centered in a dressing case, once the property of a Confederate soldier, but picked up in a deserted camp by one of our Union men. In one of the pockets of the case was a letter from the mother of the owner, written from Charleston, in which she describes in detail the materials of which it was made, being parts of garments worn, as she says, "in the day of folly" by members of the family at a fancy dress ball. What a tugging we felt at our heartstrings as we read the words of tender solicitude for the health of the boy soldier, and the expressions of hope for the success of their cause. Most of the toilet articles had been removed from the case, but a needle-book remained, with its little bag for buttons and thread, and how vividly it brought back to us the days when we too, with a group of young girls, designed needle-books for the soldiers, and more than one romance grew out of the stitching of the name in the corner to show by whom it was made. Strong men who had been through the war and knew so well what it meant, came again and again to read the letter signed only "Your loving mother," and somehow the atmosphere always seemed misty as they turned away. And now comes the sequel. The letter was published in one of our city papers and a copy was sent to Charleston, where it was published. A few days after a letter was received from a lady of that city containing proof of her identity as a sister of the owner of the dressing case, and begging that it might be sent to her. Very touching are the extracts from her journal kept during the war, telling of the enlistment of her nineteen year old brother, "a little fellow," as she says, the gifts of numerous friends, the flowers thrown as the regiment passed out of the city, and the anguish of the fond mother at the parting. But little remains to be told, for they never came home alive again. The brief newspaper paragraph, "Edmund Mills, a member of the Palmetto Guards, shot in the forehead and instantly killed at the battle of Gettysburg," meant little to you and to me, my dear reader, but never again could the bright sunshine and the beautiful flowers look just the same to that loving sorrowing mother. How the

ladies of our Chapter rejoiced when they heard that the much talked of soldier's dressing case had at last fallen into the hands of those who would so highly prize it. The Exhibition had brought us in a snug little sum for the Library Fund, but this was best of all. We forgot our tired feet and our numerous heartaches, and petty jealousies, for we Swekatsians are human, very human, and only remembered that we belong to a great sisterhood that knows no North and no South, but only rejoices in the watchword "*Amor Patria*."—MRS. MARTHA PACKARD PALMER, *Historian*.

ST. LOUIS CHAPTER was entertained at "Montecello" on Saturday last by Mesdames Root, Rohland, Olive, and Misses Dolbee, Alton members of the St. Louis Chapter. At half-past one the special car provided for the Daughters left Union Station, and, exhilarated by the beauty of the day and congenial company, we sped over the Mississippi and through woodlands and green fields into Alton. "Montecello," with its extensive grounds and modern stone building, is presided over by Miss H. W. Haskell. After meeting this lady and having been ushered through the library, chapel, and spacious halls we could not but feel that the young Daughters of the West had cause to be congratulated upon this seat of learning. No portion of the building excited more enthusiasm than the dining-room; this, however, may not have been owing to its architectural beauty, but—as the "unextinguishable spark which fires the souls of patriots" does not extinguish our appetite and a long ride is conducive to its development, the substantial delicacies placed before us were much enjoyed. After toasts to the continued prosperity of "Montecello," we adjourned to the school hall, elaborately decorated in United States flags, and with a spinning wheel (the insignia of our Order) entwined in ribbons of red, white, and blue in our honor. Miss Dolbee, in a very bright and entertaining manner, introduced Miss Haskell, who gave us a pithy talk, reminding us of that famous tea that was turned into wormwood for the British, and of what cause we had to be grateful for an honorable ancestry. She recalled an anecdote of the courtship of Dr. Samuel Johnson. "Madam," said the doctor, "I am

poor, and degenerate, and, I feel that I must tell you, I had an uncle that was hanged." And the lady (who was in no wise to be disconcerted) replied: "I also am poor, and I am degenerate, and I have three uncles who *ought* to be hanged." At the conclusion of Miss Haskell's remarks, the State Regent, Mrs. George H. Shields proposed Miss Haskell's name and she was elected by acclamation an honorary member of St. Louis Chapter.

The musical programme that followed, rendered by the young ladies of the school, was much enjoyed, as was also an original poem written by Miss Alden, a lineal descendant of the faithful John, and read by Miss Watson. At the conclusion of this programme our Chapter Regent, Mrs. Western Bascom, made a few remarks; with appropriate words from Mrs. W. H. Hardaway, expressing the appreciation of the Chapter to Miss Haskell and the young ladies of the school, and with thanks to the Alton ladies who had so delightfully entertained us, we bade adieu to "Monticello," feeling that in no more fitting a place could the Daughters of the Revolution have assembled to unite in a patriotic tribute to their country's honor. The members of the Chapter present were: Mesdames George H. Shields, State Regent; Mrs. Western Bascom, Chapter Regent; Mrs. H. W. Spencer, First Vice-Regent; Mrs. Mary Polk Winn, Second Vice-Regent; Miss Mary W. Triplett, Secretary; Mrs. William Hardaway, Registrar; Mrs. William Delapold, Treasurer. Thomas Skinker, I. S. Carter, Thomas Rodgers, DeWolf Killerman, George Wright DeFigurido, George Hayward, Chase, Butler Smith, Price Alfred Cass, Willis Egleston, Davie Bon O'Fallen, Fred Kirk, S. Branch Laughlin, D. Tudway, Harrison Dolbee, Rohland Root, Olive, Peterman, Stockton, Titman, McAdam.—MARY POLK WINN.

SARATOGA CHAPTER.—Two hundred and seventy-six years ago the weary and perchance somewhat disheartened band of Pilgrims who had braved the perils of the mighty deep, that they might, in a new land, worship according to their religious convictions, landed upon Plymouth Rock. In commemoration of that event we, the members of the Saratoga Chapter, Daugh-

ters of the American Revolution, observed the 21st day of December, "Father's Day," in a truly loyal and patriotic manner.

In the afternoon of that day the members of the Chapter assembled, by invitation of Mrs. James R. McKee, Vice-President General of the National Society, at her Union avenue residence, which was most appropriately decorated for the occasion, and where they were most cordially welcomed by the hostess.

The programme, of unusual interest, consisted first of a paper upon the "Pilgrim Fathers," by Mrs. James Mingay, First Vice-Regent. In it Mrs. Mingay referred to the fact that it was her ancestor, Thomas Faunce, the last ruling elder who, calling his descendants together, made them swear to preserve the form and identity of Plymouth Rock forever. As an illustration of the sturdiness of some of the early colonists she cited the fact that he lived to attain his ninety-ninth year, and that his sister Patience, and his daughter of the same name, lived to see one hundred and five summers each.

A description of curious modes of punishment in early colonial days was read by Mrs. McKee. This was followed by an account of "Forefathers' Day," or "Old Colonial Day" at Plymouth in 1769, by Mrs. A. W. Shepherd. Miss Brown, our Regent, and Mrs. Craighead then related many amusing incidents of colonial and revolutionary days.

The special feature of the occasion was the singing, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," of a poem upon the "Pilgrim Fathers," composed by Mrs. Mary Thompson, Regent of the Buffalo Chapter, which we give below :

" Can we forget our Pilgrim sires
Who dared the stormy main,
Who left their dear old English homes
Freedom and truth to gain.

CHORUS.—Then sing to-day in praise
Of that brave band ;
In God we trust should ever be
The watchword of our land.

" The moaning pines sad welcome gave,
The days feel dark and drear,
But in their hearts the living flame
Of truth shone bright and clear.

CHORUS.

" When spring the hillside spread with green,
They counted not the graves,
Of those they loved with steadfast faith,
They looked to him who saves.

CHORUS.

" Two hundred years have rolled away,
The Pilgrim's work, well done,
The seed of truth has grown a tree,
And Freedom's wholly won."

CHORUS.

This feast of reason was followed by another feast of delicious dainties, and then, respectfully, the *au revoir* was spoken and the observance of Forefathers' Day was ended.

Clear, bracing cold is the characteristic of Saratoga weather in mid-winter, the mercury often descending far below the zero marks, and sometimes almost needing a grappling hook to bring it back to a satisfactory registration point. Despite this fact, no discrimination in patriotic zeal is noted, and the Chapter has entered upon a series of historical readings, to be held twice a month at the residences of members. The design is, after the present, to confine the papers to the participators in the battles of Saratoga. The first of these meetings was held January 18 at the residence of Mrs. Mingay. Papers were read by Miss Brown, Mrs. McKee, and Mrs. Haisey on Benedict Arnold and General Philip Schuyler. Music and tea rounded out the afternoon. The second of these meetings was held February 4 at the home of Mrs. George S. Church, at which several interesting papers were read.

The Chapter have in view the placing of markers upon the battlefield as guides to the tourist, and also plans for bringing the same historic spot into more general notice.

Living in New York City, either permanently or during the winter months, are a dozen or more members of the Saratoga Chapters. These, having joined the same either from the pleasures to be gained from this membership during the summer months or from a desire to continue the associations of their birthplace or of early girlhood days, yet feeling the necessity of having some active interest during the winter, have resolved themselves into a contingent and have already held two

meetings. The first was at the winter home of the Second Vice-Regent of the Chapter, Miss Anna M. Jones, in the Chelsea, in West Twenty-third street, at which there were about fifteen persons present. Miss Brown, Regent, came down from Saratoga for the occasion and presided. The guest of honor was Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, who read a most interesting paper upon the durability of union between the two Societies of the "Daughters of the American Revolution and Daughters of the Revolution." Mrs. Walworth spoke in her usually eloquent manner of the original inception of the Society and the causes which led to the division. Mrs. Cairns, the Historian of the Chapter, gave a brief account of the work in Saratoga, and of the historic tree sent to California. Miss Jones referred to the reception given by the Sons of the American Revolution at the Windsor Hotel, to the Daughters, at which several of the Saratoga Chapter officers had been present. Refreshments and an hour of social converse closed a most delightful reunion of Saratoga Chapter members, high up above the maddening crowd with the great city throbbing and pulsating far below, spread out like a panarama before them from Miss Jones' lofty eyre.

On the afternoon of April 30 the same assembled at the invitation of Mrs. Jasper Cairns, Historian of the Chapter, at her home in West Fifty-seventh street. An old and valued spinning wheel, the emblem of the Society, adorned with the blue and white ribbons of the Society, occupied a conspicuous place among the decorations. The guests were Miss Louise Ward McAllister, Honorary State Regent, under whose regency the Saratoga Chapter was organized, and Mrs. Donald McLean, who at the time of its organization was acting as State Regent for Miss McAllister.

Miss Lawrence, Historian of the Colonial Dames, had consented to be present, and had written a poem for the occasion, but was prevented from doing so by illness. The meeting was opened by a piano solo by Mrs. Alexander, Regent of the Newport Chapter. Miss Jones, Vice-Regent, then made a short address, and was followed by Miss McAllister, who spoke upon matters connected with the approaching Continental Congress. Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Wynkoop, of Kingston,

and Mrs. McLean followed in a discussion of the subjects in question.

The hostess read letters of greeting from the Regent and officers of the Chapter and others, and as Historian gave an account of the work in Saratoga since the previous meeting with Miss Jones.

An interesting feature of the afternoon was the playing upon the violin by Mr. Claude Holding, who accompanied by Dr. Holman rendered some choice selections with rare taste and skill, receiving in return the hearty applause of the assembled "Daughters." Miss Rebecca Walworth poured chocolate at a blue and white decorated tea table and refreshments were served from a table with red and white decorations. All present voted it a delightful re-union and parted looking forward to many similar ones in future, and a possible increase in numbers of the New York contingent of the Saratoga Chapter.
—EMMA E. RIGGS CAIRNS, *Historian*.

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON CHAPTER.—Three of the officers of the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, of Medford, Massachusetts, spent Washington's Birthday at the Capital, but the score of members who remained at home resolved that the first national holiday at home after their organization should not pass unobserved. Accordingly the Chapter entertained the Medford Historical Society as guests on February 22, and presented an attractive programme, consisting of patriotic songs, readings and addresses. At the close of the exercises Colonel Asa Law, a Son of the American Revolution, presented to the Chapter a beautiful, engraved copy of the Constitution of the United States, with portraits and signatures of the signers.

The Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter was organized in December, 1896, and bears the name of a Medford woman who was a revolutionary heroine. Their charter, which was presented by Madame Anna Von Rydingsvärd on January 26, is framed in wood from historical trees and buildings in and around Medford. The body of the frame is from the house built by Nathaniel Bradlee, on Hollis Street, Boston, from which he and others, disguised as Mohawks, went forth to throw the tea over board. Through the courage of his wife and his sister,

Mrs. Fulton, he was saved from arrest on that memorable night of the "Tea Party." The inner moulding of the charter frame is from the Craddock House, which is still standing in Medford. It was built by order of Governor Craddock in 1634, and is the oldest house retaining its original form in the country. Mrs. Mary S. Goodale is Regent of the Chapter. She and nearly half of the members can trace their ancestry to the Mayflower.

MATTHEW THORNTON CHAPTER.—Since its organization last January the Matthew Thornton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Nashua, New Hampshire, has steadily increased in membership. Our meetings have been made pleasant and profitable by reports of items of interest and reading of papers on subjects stimulating patriotism and historical research. A very laudable pride of revolutionary ancestry has been developed, and all are glad to congratulate a Daughter who can adorn her Society badge with the greatest number of bars. A little granddaughter of one such fortunate member, after being taken to visit the graves of her several ancestors of revolutionary fame, was so impressed by the event that she avowed her determination henceforth to sing "Land where our grandfathers died." We have one real Daughter, Mrs. Catherine Steele, who has been presented with a souvenir spoon by the National Society, and a great-great-granddaughter of Matthew Thornton, one of the three New Hampshire Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

In April a reception was given by the Chapter at the home of the Regent, Mrs. Perham. The house was beautifully decorated with flags, potted plants, and cut flowers, while in the upper hall musicians discoursed sweet music appropriate to the occasion. One large room was devoted to relics of "ye olden time," some of which were of peculiar interest and value. One which received special notice was a white linen bed-spread with graceful sprays of flowers embroidered upon it—the work very like Kensington stitch—in the lovely shades of old blue, so much the fad at present in decorative art and needle-work. The spinning and weaving of the cloth as well as embroidery was the work of a young lady,

who accomplished it as a part of her wedding outfit while her lover was marching in the patriots ranks to defend his country's liberties. We were glad to learn that the hero returned unscathed to claim his bride, and their descendants still hold in reverence the name of their patriotic grandsire. The house was thronged with guests, who were most cordially received by the Regent, assisted by State Regent Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Governor Ramsdell, Mrs. Richmond, Regent of Fort Massachusetts Chapter, Williamstown, Massachusetts; Mrs. Bartlett, Chapter Regent from Milford, New Hampshire; Miss H. G. Bailey, State President Daughters of 1812 for New Hampshire and Maine, and the officers of the Matthew Thornton Chapter. Refreshments were served during the afternoon, the tables being most artistically arranged by the committee in charge. This delightful entertainment must have inspired the happy thought that led Mrs. Marsh, a Daughter from the neighboring town of Pelham, to invite the Matthew Thornton Chapter to spend an afternoon at her charming home. A goodly number responded to the invitation. A two hours ride, part of the way by electric through the pretty village of Hudson and the remainder of that trip in carriages over a pleasant country road, brought us to our destination. The afternoon was full of enjoyment. Within doors every room seemed to beam with hospitality. Old china of rare make and quaint design, books, pictures, and the little maiden with her doll, each and all helped to entertain. Out of doors was equally attractive. From the piazzas one could look off on forest clad hills, green meadows and orchards, bounded by a wide horizon, while in the near distance the spires and tall chimneys of the Spindle City were in view. A delicious supper was served in season for the party's return in the early twilight. Before leaving a hearty vote of thanks was tendered our kind hosts, and all joined in singing the national hymn with piano accompaniment.—MARY GREELEY BAILEY, *Historian*.

COLONEL CRAWFORD CHAPTER (Meadville, Pennsylvania).—Following the annual custom, the Colonel Crawford Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution celebrated June second, the anniversary of the visit of Lafayette to Meadville.

A party of twenty-seven, including a few invited guests, went by train to Saegertown, where an elaborate luncheon was served at the Eureka Hotel. The perfect day, the beautiful surroundings, the charming company, the inspiring music, the eloquent decorations, and the delicious viands so faultlessly served, made this an occasion long to be remembered. After an hour spent socially, the Daughters and their guests entered the dining-room to the music of the Marseillaise, where a vision of beauty greeted them. An immense canopy was formed of red, white and blue, with a profusion of flags artistically draped, the magic letters D. A. R. on a ground of blue and buff, and the emblematic spinning-wheel suspended from the center. A fine portrait of Lafayette occupied a conspicuous place. The tables were arranged in the form of a Greek cross. Tri-colored bands of ribbon met in the center where stood a magnificent epergue, filled with blue and white fleur-de-lis. At the four ends of the cross were bowls of gorgeous red peonies. Beautiful pansies of blue and buff, the continental colors, dotted the tables, and seemed to smile a welcome.

At each place was a crimson carnation and a card adorned with a pen and-ink portrait of Lafayette and the insignia of the Society. After the material portion of the feast had been faithfully discussed, Dr. Susan F. Rose gracefully and wittily introduced each of the following toasts: "The Day we Celebrate," responded to by the Regent; "Madame Lafayette," by Mrs. Malone; music, Marseillaise Hymn; "Daughter of the American Revolution," by Mrs. Hempsted; song, "The Red, White, and Blue," by Mrs. Morey; "Our Flag," song written and sung by Mrs. Sennett; "Colonel Crawford, the Friend of Washington," Mrs. J. W. Smith; "America," all singing; song, "Rita," Mrs. Morey. Before leaving for home the time was spent in chatting on the broad verandas, visiting the mineral springs which make Saegertown such a famous health resort, or rowing on the French Creek, according to individual inclination, and thus ended this delightful and memorable day.

—S. JOSEPHINE BATES.

RUTH HART CHAPTER.—One of the most delightful historical meetings that the Ruth Hart Chapter has ever been privi-

leged to enjoy was held in the month of May at the home of Mrs. F. E. Hinman. It was a beautiful spring afternoon and a large number of the members of the Chapter were present. After an opening prayer by the Chaplain, Mrs. Hinman, the business of the afternoon was disposed of as quickly as possible so that the literary programme could be enjoyed. The subject of the afternoon was the Battles of Seventy-six and the first paper was on Bunker Hill and written by Miss Flora Baldwin. Although we were all familiar with the story of the fight, still it was told in such a bright entertaining way, that it seemed as though we were listening to it for the first time. "The Star Spangled Banner" was then sung by a chorus and then followed a paper on the battle at Fort Moultrie by Mrs. J. J. Parker.

The events that led up to the Declaration of Independence and its adoption were given in a very interesting way by Mrs. C. H. S. Davis, and then a beautiful song by the chorus, called "There is One That I Love Dearly," was greatly enjoyed by the ladies.

But the most delightful feature of the afternoon was the reading of an original poem dedicated to the Daughters of the American Revolution by a Chapter member, Miss Julia A. Tibbals, who has reached the ripe age of eighty-two. White-haired, bright, energetic, and keen of eye, it seemed hardly possible that such a full complement of years had passed so lightly over her. We have heard lately a great deal about our foremothers, but I am sure we were all proud of the Daughter, who, at the age of eighty-two, expressed so ably the pride that all patriotic women feel in their ancestors' deeds. After the applause that followed the reading of the poem had ceased, the chorus sang most charmingly "Ave Marie" with a solo by Miss Morse, and the literary exercises of the afternoon were concluded. Tea was served and the members enjoyed it, while they expressed pleasure in the meeting. Thinking that other members of the Daughters of the American Revolution may be interested to read the little poem which we all enjoyed so much. I will add it.—EDITH LOVE STOCKDER, *Historian*.

From William, the Conquerer, I make no boast,
Where all Virginia, and from the States, a host
Do claim their lineage; hoping to win fame
From foreign descent, thereby, to gain a great name.

My boast is of what our forefathers have done;
In what they have suffered, and what they have won,
In freeing our country from tyranny's yoke,
Securing the freedom, which all did invoke.

Where our forefathers planted the Liberty tree,
That these States United, may forever be free;
And the host of brave generals, where many were slain
The like of which will ne'er be seen here again.

There were traitors then, as well as traitors now,
When Benedict Arnold betrayed, as you know,
And suffered the penalty awaiting a spy,
Despised of all men, and deserving to die.

For England is conquered, by the gallant and brave,
By bloodshed, and strangling our country to save,
And we their descendants, may free here remain,
For soldiers like these will ne'er conquer again.

Who would not be a Revolutionary Dame,
And bear the proud honors of revolutionary fame;
When by their bravery, our country's made free,
And you, noble daughter, share the honors with me.

VALENTINE PEERS CHAPTER was organized November 21, 1896, in Maysville, Kentucky. The Chapter was formed with fourteen members, and they unanimously named it the Valentine Peers Chapter, for the revered grandfather of the Regent, who was brigade major on the staff of General George Weeden in the Revolutionary Army. Our Chapter is composed of middle-aged and young women, who are thoroughly imbued with love for that country for which their ancestors fought. We have our charter and were first represented in the Sixth Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution held in Washington City February 22, 1897.



SKETCH OF PAUL AND MOSES MANDELL.

THERE is a family tradition of two brothers named Manvill (the name admitting many variations of spelling) who settled in Bristol and Plymouth Counties, Massachusetts, but the earliest date in my possession is December 15, 1688, when a son was born to John Mendall (as the name is written in those counties) who then resided in Marshfield. Descendants of this family were well supplied with necessities, as people lived in those days and settled in Scituate, Falmouth, Dartmouth, and Rochester. In the latter town Paul Mendall was born in 1723. He married Susanna, daughter of Rev. Timothy* and Mary White Ruggles, of Rochester, and changed the name to Mandell. He was a "shopkeeper" in Dartmouth until 1749 when he went to Hardwick, having purchased a valuable farm, noted for its large extent of stone wall, and here was active and useful in town, serving as selectman eleven years, assessor thirteen years, moderator at town meeting four times, town clerk in 1770, representative in 1773, 1774, delegate to the

* Rev. Timothy Ruggles was an early graduate of Harvard, held high rank in the ministry and was preëminently a man of business, doing much toward the settlement of Hardwick. He was ordained pastor of the church in Rochester, November 22, 1710, and died in office, as sole pastor October 26, 1768. On his headstone he is described as "An able divine and a faithful Minister. Having a peculiar talent at composing Differences and healing Divisions in Churches, he was much approved in Ecclesiastical Councils."

Provincial Congress at Concord in October, 1774, and to the following one at Cambridge, February 1775. As a soldier he never hesitated in time of need. He was captain of militia and led his company in the expedition against Crown Point, his brother Noah being lieutenant, and a second campaign after the surrender of Fort William Henry. At the commencement of the Revolution, as recommended by the convention at Worcester, he was again elected captain, and later was appointed justice of the peace by the revolutionary government, holding that office many years, and was commissioned brigade major March 13, 1778. He died in 1809, leaving a wife and six children.

Moses, eldest son of Paul and Susanna Mandell, inherited the homestead, and, like his father, was treasurer, selectman, and assessor for many years. When the report of the conflict at Lexington and Concord reached him, he immediately enlisted, was in "Roxbury Camp" in 1776, and as aid-de-camp to his brother-in-law, Major General Warner, was known as Major Mandell. The following incident is characteristic of the man and soldier. Moses, the seventh child of Major Mandell, in his early manhood, lived in Roxbury and was a near neighbor of Governor Eustis. On the occasion of the coming of Lafayette to Boston to participate in the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, Mr. Mandell had the honor of an interview with him at the home of the Governor. Great preparation had been made to receive him with due honor. The military escort had assembled in large numbers and the celebrities of the city had gathered to bid him welcome; hour after hour passed and he came not. Late in the evening, despairing of his arrival, the escort and citizens departed to their homes, leaving only Neighbor Mandell to condole with the Governor over the disappointment. Just as he, too, was going, the signal gun was heard announcing the approach of the General, and immediately after "the man whom all Americans loved" drove up. The Governor received him with open arms, shedding tears of joy and welcome. Conducting him in, he very soon returned to the door, seeking such of his fellow citizens as might have gathered again to greet the honored guest. Seeing Mr. Mandell, he said, "Come in, come in, Neighbor

Mandell, I want to introduce you to the greatest and best man in the world." Of course Neighbor Mandell went in and was not introduced by name but as a friend and neighbor; being left alone with the General, he enjoyed the rare honor of a somewhat lengthy interview without interruption, in the beginning of which the General wished to know his name. Mr. Mandell did not reply directly to the query of the General, but said, "General Lafayette, do you remember the staff officer who at the battle of Brandywine, finding a gun unmanned, because all the men had been shot down, dismounted from his horse and served the gun alone?" Lafayette leaned his head upon his hand for a moment in deep thought and then said, "It was Mandale—Major Mandale." The reply was, "Major Mandell was my father." The General sprang from his chair, and embracing him evinced the strongest emotion that he was permitted to see the son of one of the truest and bravest of his comrades in arms. Major Mandell died in Hardwick, June 18, 1826, his wife and nine children surviving him.

MARY LANTON ROBINSON,
Regent Betty Washington Chapter, D. A. R.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE following letter explains itself and will be read with interest by all those who wish our President *bon voyage*. We are glad that she is going to have the opportunity of contrasting the New World with the Old World, and we know her native land will never seem so dear as when she again puts her feet upon it and welcomes the old flag; and the wide waste of waters that separates her from the members of her Society will give them a nearer place in her heart than ever. May the days bring to her peace and happiness.

DEAR MRS. LOCKWOOD: The enclosed is a copy of an official letter I have to-day sent Mrs. Brackett. As I deem it most important that the "Daughters" all over the country should know of my unexpected absence, may I ask you to give it a conspicuous place in the July number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and thanking you in advance,

I am, cordially yours,

LETITIA G. STEVENSON.

MRS. BRACKETT,

First Vice-President General,

National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution,

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5, 1897.

Dear Madam: It was an unexpected and pleasant surprise to have received, a few days since, a summons from Mr. Stevenson to join him in London as soon as possible. Should nothing occur to prevent, I will sail for London within a week or ten days.

According to the by-laws, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, article IV, section 2, "Executive Authority" is vested in the First-Vice President General during the "prolonged absence" of the President General. Therefore, I have requested the Recording Secretary General to send you, for your signature, all certificates and charters necessary to be signed during my absence. I have also asked the Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters to secure your signature to any commissions necessary to be signed during my stay abroad. On my return, which will be, so far as I can conjecture, in the early fall, I will at once resume the duties of President General, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Respectfully,

LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON,

President General, N. S., D. A. R.

PERHAPS one of the most gracefully expressed of the various greetings recently sent to the Queen of England was that extended by the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Donald McLean is Regent.

The congratulations, signed by the officers of the Society, and which were engrossed on vellum and enclosed in a case of white kid, mounted in silver, were as follows :

"The New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution begs the honor of congratulating Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, upon the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne. Great Queen, great woman—the noblest exponent of queenly womanhood the world has seen. She lives not only in the reverential hearts of her subjects, but in the universal heart of woman. Holding Her Majesty in this regard, and trusting that the Chapter's record and ardent support of the principle of international arbitration may draw closer together the women of Great Britain and of these United States of America, the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, respectfully hopes that Her Gracious Majesty will accept these felicitations."

At the June meeting of the New York City Chapter a resolution was unanimously passed that that Chapter will give annually a reception in Washington on the first day of the Continental Congress.

MRS. A. G. BRACKETT, our first Vice-President General, is taking a much needed rest among her old friends in Kentucky and Iowa.

A letter from Miss Jane Meach Welch, one of the former associate editors of the Magazine informs us that she is in Europe traveling through Holland over the ground made historic by our ancestors. We shall all be made historically richer by the new inspiration given to our worthy Historian.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—I have often been perplexed by the questions you ask. "If a lost day can be made up?" Apropos to your question how am I to catch up with the week just lost by illness? I have heard of little Chatham Island lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean, that is peculiarly situated and it is one of the habitable points of the globe, where the days of the week change. If you did not loiter by the way it might help you out to emigrate to this isle of the sea; I know of no other remedy. It lies just in the line of change. Should you chance to reach there at high twelve—Sunday, noon ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noon-day dinner on Sunday and it is Monday noon before he reaches his dessert. There Saturday is Sunday and Sunday is Monday and Monday suddenly becomes Tuesday.

We are told that it took philosophers and geographers a long time to settle the puzzle of where Sunday noon ceased and Monday noon began.

But if you will clad yourself with the winged sandals of Hermes and travel with the sun, or at the rate of fifteen degrees an hour you may re-capture the lost day on Chatham Island.

K. B. S.—If you live in a State where there is equal suffrage you cannot vote until you are twenty-one. Blackstone, in his commentaries, book 1, page 463, says: "Full age in male or female is twenty-one years, which age is completed on the day preceding the anniversary of a person's birth, who till that time is an infant and so styled in law."

"If he is born on the 16th day of February, 1608, he is of age to do any legal act on the morning of the 15th day of February, 1629, though he may not have lived twenty-one years by nearly forty-eight hours." The reason assigned is that in law there is no fraction of day. A person is of full age the day before the twenty-first anniversary of his birth-day.

OUR LIBRARY.

IF he who erects a guide post deserves well of posterity, what shall be said of him who so marks the path in history that even the wayfaring student need not blunder? Yet this is precisely what has been done by Messrs. Channing and Hart in their "Guide to American History" recently published and most kindly presented to our library by Ginn and Company, of Boston.

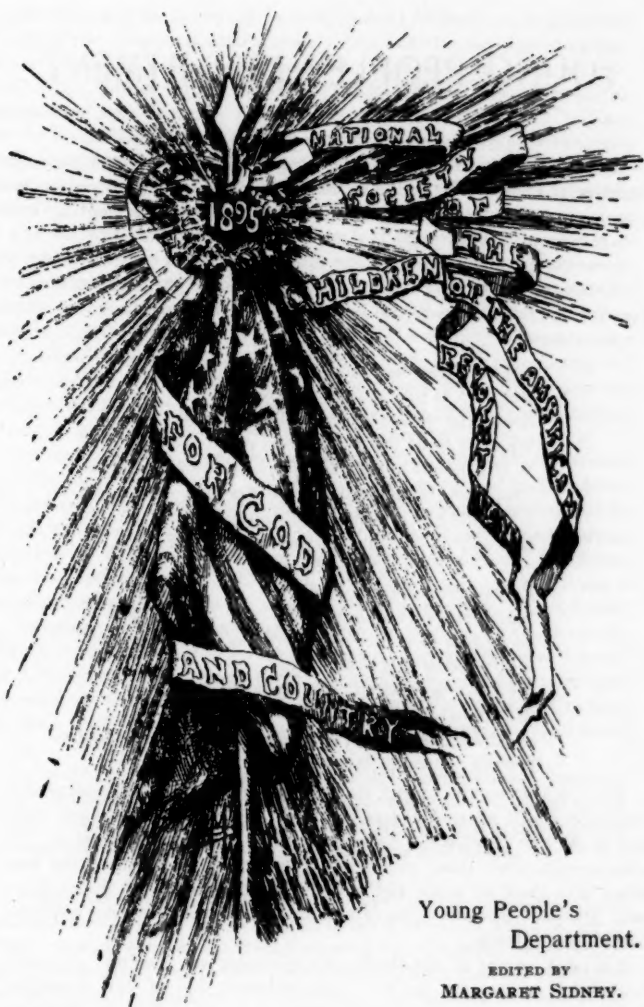
Many of our Chapter Historians have hitherto wasted much precious time in fruitless search before discovering, where the desired information was to be found. With this book at hand, however, they can know exactly where to find the needed information concerning any period of our history, and the copious bibliographies will show just what paths have been well trodden by others and where new ones may be discovered. The book is not a history in itself, but what its name implies—a guide to the mazes of our history.

When one thinks of the rich farms, and vineyards of western New York, and the power and influence that emanate from Chautauqua, the letters of Judge Cooper, of Cooperstown, New York, written in 1810 to his legal friend William Sampson, upon the early history of the first settlements, seem almost as remote as from our time as the pages of Froissart. In view of the marvelous development of this region however, it is very interesting to view his instructions to settlers and his good suggestions as to the best method of avoiding difficulties are truly refreshing and instructive. A delightful reprint of these famous letters, "A Guide in the Wilderness," has recently been issued by Geo. Humphrey, of Rochester, New York, and we have one of the three hundred copies printed, thanks to the kindness of the publisher.

We need very much volumes I and II, old series, of Putnam's Monthly Historical Magazine. Also, any volumes or odd numbers of the New England Historical and Genealogical Register issued prior to 1892, or of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record prior to 1896. Will not some generous Daughter present them or some of those to our library?

GERTRUDE B. DARWIN,
Librarian General D. A. R.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY
JOHN B. HENNING
OF THE
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
PUBLISHED BY THE
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
1890



MAY WHITNEY EMERSON, ARTIST.

Young People's
Department.
EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

By an inadvertence the remainder of the report of the public patriotic meeting of February 22, in the Columbia Theatre was omitted in our last number. We therefore supply the deficiency before proceeding with the reports of February 23:

Eleven tiny members from the different Societies in the District of Columbia now filed upon the platform, and recited the greeting written for them by the National President, and given in our last number. We repeat it here.

We are little, we know,
 But give us time, and we'll grow;
 And while we are growing, don't you see,
 We want to be just as patriotic as we can be!
 (Little boy at the end of the line steps forward:)
 I suppose George Washington was once a little boy;
 (Little girl at end of line steps forward:)
 And Martha Washington was once a little girl.
 (All step forward:)
 And all great and good people
 Were once very little people,
 So what is to hinder us from being great and good,
 Who wouldn't be if he could?
 Well, this is what our Society is for;
 All this, and a great deal more;
 So three cheers for our country, our flag and our Society;
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Mrs. Lothrop had requested that as little people had little voices, the audience would observe all possible quiet. So the big house was very still as the tiny patriots did their best. How they were applauded! In clear accents their small voices piped out every word, and at the last, when they stood on tiptoe and waved their little flags, with their "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" the delight of the audience over these patriotic babies, was intense.

A notable feature of the afternoon's exercises was the fine "Patriotic Alphabet," written by Mr. A. C. Quisenberry, Son of the American Revolution, for the occasion; and directed by Miss Mary D. Breckinridge, President of the splendid "Capital Society," of Washington, D. C., that is ever foremost in all patriotic work. Miss Breckinridge had drilled her young members with perfect precision, so that they went through the intricacies of the exercises capably, to the great delight of the large audience.

Just following the address of welcome and the response, an exercise not down on the programme took place. This was the surprise—presentation of a token of loving regard from the "Richard Lord Jones Society, of Chicago, Illinois, to the National President." At this point in the programme their Secretary and delegate, Miss Ella McClelland, left her seat in the audience and gracefully and swiftly made her way to the platform. She held in her hand a dainty vase of exquisite china which her Society had commissioned her to present, which she did most beautifully, the affectionate message of remembrance bringing the tears to the eyes of the one who lovingly received the gift as she responded to this surprise that had been planned for her by her distant Society. The vase, as the National President held it up that all might see it, was beautifully shaped with three handles, the body tinted in pale blue with appropriate designs of green and gold. On one side was the Society monogram, R. L. J.; beautifully traced in gold and blue and red, on the second side the insignia of the National Society in its colors, and on the third side the letters C. A. R., in green and gold. Truly a most exquisite gift daintily executed, to be choicely guarded as a sacred treasure.

In arranging the programme, the National President had endeavored to show the wide range of the work of the Society and to give some glimpse, at least, of its members in their varying ages. Consequently in all the exercises there were given opportunities for children and young people of all ages who belonged to the Society to take part. And it was most interesting to note the effect on the audience of all this; it was a veritable object lesson on the value of beginning lessons in patriotism in the tender and earliest years of our growing, restless American youth. Countless expressions afterward from those who were present as hearers and beholders attested to the thrill that held them during the exercises. "I could not keep the tears back, it was so beautiful to see and to hear all those children and know what it meant for our country," said many a one.

Too much praise cannot be given to Miss Virginia Powell Goodwin, President of the "Nelly Custis Society, of Washington, D. C., under whose efficient and skillful care the music was rendered. With untiring devotion she gave herself to the work with most splendid result.

Tuesday morning, February 23, at ten o'clock, the headquarters of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, room 48, 902 F street, were crowded with a throng pressing into the reception given by the national officers to all visiting members and their friends. The rooms were beautifully decorated with large flags, the national emblem stood in the center of one long side, the receiving line opposite; a large bunch of exquisite pink and white roses, the gift of Mrs. T. H. Alexander, Vice-President in Charge of the Organization of Local Societies, adorned the desk; the framed certificate and the proof of the charter, in process of manufacture, hung on the wall, while a large registry book

on a table in the corner was constantly surrounded, each member, delegate, and visitor, recording her name.

Two hours were spent in this delightful way. It was one of the most important meetings of the Convention, the members and delegates becoming acquainted with each other, and meeting face to face in the beautiful surroundings of their own headquarters.

Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock, was the first working session of the Convention. It was held in the spacious lecture room of the First Congregational church, corner Tenth and G streets.

Handsomely adorned with flags and the banners of the visiting delegations it presented a most beautiful appearance. A large surveyor's map of the old road, the first road marched over by the minute men to the scene of a revolutionary battle, surmounted by a placard on which was printed "Patriotic work of the Old North Bridge Society, of Concord, Massachusetts," hung in front by the desk, together with the fine portrait of George Washington framed in oak, that had hung over the chancel of the New York Avenue church at the patriotic meeting the Sabbath previous. This was loaned to the Children's Society to use through their convention, by Mr. Charles Gurley, chairman committee Sons of the American Revolution.

The National Officers and State Directors occupied seats by the desk. The National President, Mrs. Lothrop, called the meeting to order by the silver "Mother Bailey Bell," presented to the Society the year previous to open the first annual Convention, by Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison Slocomb, State Director of Connecticut. This bell was the first one sent out by the manufacturers, and bears appropriate inscriptions the entire circle of its rim.

The Chaplain, Mrs. Teunis L. Hamlin led in prayer, after which the "Salute to the Flag," was given with the recitation of the poem written by the National President, "Our Flag of Liberty," and adopted some time since as the final feature of the "Salute" by a vote of the National Board; "America," was then sung by all standing.

Mrs. Lothrop briefly and concisely spoke of the main features of the growth and progress during the past year and then outlined the plan for the business meetings. She said it was necessary to understand before any reports were given, or the business touched upon, that no regular plan could be adhered to, owing to the fact of the Congress of the D. A. R. being in session and that delegates must be accommodated as far as possible as to the time of presenting their reports in order that they might not suffer by absence from the Congress D. A. R.; and that every effort had been made to so arrange matters that the visiting D. A. R.'s should not lose any of their own meetings. For this reason no order as to reports could be observed, but that she should endeavor to so arrange the reports and the business that all could be accommodated. This was faithfully carried out, every one lending her aid, most generously and gracefully giving way to accommodate others, and seeming to think only of helping out those who had special duties and engagements at

the D. A. R. Congress to fulfill. It was one of the most beautiful features of the whole beautiful Convention, and will never be forgotten. National officers willingly gave up reading their reports, to accommodate a young President of a Society, or a younger delegate. And notwithstanding this utter lack of regular order in the business, there was no confusion, but all moved on swiftly and enjoyably.

The National President then briefly and most cordially welcomed the delegates and members, and the business of the second annual Convention was begun.

The following reports were heard the first day:

REPORT OF NEW YORK CITY SOCIETY.

Madam President and Children of the American Revolution: It is with great regret that I find that it will be impossible for me to be with you to day. I assure you that nothing but the most pressing obligations would deter me from being present on an occasion of so much importance as the annual convention of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

The first local Society formed in New York was the New York City Society, which was organized January 12, 1896. Its first meeting was held March 14. Since then eleven meetings have been held, usually on historic dates. Thus the anniversaries of the ride of Paul Revere, the capture of Sag Harbor, Long Island; the evacuation of New York by the British, and the assault upon Quebec, and the death of Montgomery have been celebrated by our Society. These inspiring anniversaries have brought forth many excellent original papers written by members. This Society has endeavored, and to the best of my belief it has, conformed to all the rules of the National Society. We own our own flag. We have formed a Society library, and report as the result of our first year's work the formation of a fund of thirty dollars, which was donated by the New York City Society to the Messiah Home for Children, a non-sectarian charitable institution of New York, the children of our Society wishing to make their first good work one that would help other children less fortunate than themselves. Our reports at our annual meeting will, I believe, show our Society to be free from debt, with a balance in the treasury, with a membership of 88 enrolled members, 165 applications in all having been made for admittance to this Society during the first year of its organization.

Very respectfully,

MRS. WILLIAM CUMMINGS STORY,

President.

Madam President and Children of the American Revolution: I have the honor of reporting for the New York City Society Children of the American Revolution, eleven meetings held since March, 1896. One hundred and sixty-five applications for membership have been received. We have eighty-eight enrolled members. Sixteen sets of application papers are now with Registrar General of the National Society.

Respectfully submitted,

ALLEN LAWRENCE STORY,

Secretary.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ISAAC WHEELER, JR., SOCIETY,
CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT.

On January 27, 1896, twelve young people organized a Society of Children of the American Revolution, choosing for their name "Isaac Wheeler, Jr." The youngest hero of the Revolution of whom we have any record.

Their first study was of the principal events in the years of 1775 and 1781, different members preparing papers on the events which most interested them. They next chose the study of the characters of some of the most prominent men of that period. We had many interesting discussions as to whom, next to Washington, the highest honors belonged. Our young men proposed a debating club, in which they have done well.

We have also a bi-monthly paper, *The Isaac Wheeler, Jr., Gazette*. The President appoints every two months the editors (a young lady and a gentleman). Every member is expected to contribute something. The young lady editor reads the paper before the Society.

Each member of our Society is expected to read at least four historical books this winter, and give something to the Society from each. Our roll call is responded to by patriotic quotations. The boys during the summer formed themselves into a Children of the American Revolution military company, and were drilled by one of our members who is a member of the Connecticut National Guard.

We meet regularly the second Tuesday of every month. One feature, which is very pleasant at our meetings, is the history questions, in which there is much emulation as to who can answer the greater number correctly. We have given one public entertainment to raise money for memorial work, which we hope to accomplish the coming year. We have now thirty-one members whose papers have been approved, and seventeen applicants.

Respectfully submitted,

H. KING HALL BRADFORD,
President.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ISAAC WHEELER, JR., SOCIETY,
CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The Isaac Wheeler, Jr., Society, Children of the American Revolution, was organized January 27, 1896, with twelve charter members. Since that time we have held eleven regular meetings and three special meetings; the regular meetings, being held the second Tuesday evening of each month.

The first special meeting was held at the house of one of the Vice-Presidents on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1896. The rooms were prettily decorated with flags and a musical and literary programme was carried out, and the meeting closed by singing "America."

On September 6, 1896, upon invitation of the Thomas Starr Society, of Groton, a delegation from our Society went to Groton and witnessed the placing of a tablet by that Society upon the Anna Warner Bailey house.

On November 6 we gave a supper and entertainment for the purpose of raising funds which we intend to use for memorial work this year.

On January 29, 1897, we celebrated our first anniversary. At our regular meetings the first half hour is devoted to business, the second to history and the third to social amusements.

The roll call is responded to with patriotic quotations. Our present membership is thirty-one and there are seventeen more applicants.

Respectfully submitted, MARY JOSEPHINE DICKINSON,
Secretary of the Isaac Wheeler, Jr., Society.

REPORT OF LORD BALTIMORE SOCIETY, BALTIMORE MARYLAND, FOR
THE YEAR 1897.

Madam President, Daughters, Sons, and Children of the American Revolution: To be able to participate in the exercises of the Second Annual Convention of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution is an honor of which we, the Lord Baltimore Society, of Baltimore City, are justly proud, and it is therefore with great pleasure we bring you our hearty greetings.

We will not weary you with a detailed report of the workings of our Society, but will say briefly that we are rapidly growing in point of numbers, whilst the enthusiasm and interest upon the part of our young workers is all that could be desired. Our meetings are held monthly and conducted in the following order, namely: Roll call, reading of minutes, report of secretaries, report of committees, followed by the reading of an historical paper which not only shows research but great ability on the part of the young writer. The reading of papers upon subjects tending to promote a general knowledge of American history has been a rule and so decided by the Board of Management. It aims to comply with said rule subject to a fine of twenty-five cents; the proceeds of which will be devoted toward the building fund of Continental Hall. It gives me pleasure to state that as yet the treasury devoted to this purpose is, up to present time, conspicuous for its emptiness, notwithstanding the fact that we deeply sympathize with that noble work. We have carefully taken up the history of Maryland from the year 1633, from the time Lord Baltimore's colonists sailed for Maryland. The study is one of thrilling interest which is dear to the hearts of every true-born Marylander. Following in its train will be sketches of our revolutionary heroes and heroines through whose noble deeds, valor, and privations, we are to-day indebted for the grandest legacy young America could possibly fall heir to, namely, the birthright of citizenship to a free and independent government, over which the stars and stripes of our glorious land proudly float, and our final study will be our Country's Flag, so full of thrilling interest.

We recognize the fact that all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy. We therefore vary the routine work by an informal tea at the close of our business session.

It may be of interest to our hearers in this connection to know that

the Lord Baltimore Society has in store for it a very distinguished honor, which will be the presentation, at Easter, of a magnificent silk flag, the gift of the Maryland Society of Colonial Wars. It is needless to say we are justly proud of being the recipient of the distinguished consideration of the Society of Colonial Wars, and to show our appreciation we will give a Colonial reception in their honor, which will be followed by the stately minuet danced by sixteen of our members in the style and custom of the good old days of ye olden time.

To this reception we cordially invite our beloved President; for after all is it not she to whom all honor is due for the glorious inspiration of the Society of the Children of the American Revolution? and which will shine as brilliant stars in a cloudless horizon to immortalize the name of Harriet M. Lothrop until time shall be no more.

EMMA THOMAS MILLER,
President.

Continuation of Tuesday's reports in next number.

We can only give a line of space to the splendid patriotic concert of the "Waumbek Methna" Society, Children of the American Revolution, of North Conway, N. H., for the benefit of the Continental Hall Fund. This concert was the closing feature in the patriotic convention in the White Mountains under the auspices of the "Anna Stickney Chapter," D. A. R., of North Conway. The National President, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, presided at the concert.

The Question Box is omitted this month to give space to the reports.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. ELIZABETH P. AUKETELL.—The Mary Clap Wooster Chapter is called upon to mourn the death of yet another member, Mrs. Elizabeth Plant Auketell. The loss is very great; her services were so many that it is impossible to more than suggest them here. She was among the first members when our Chapter was organized, and "from the time she received her papers to almost the hour of her death she worked for and kept her interest in its aims." At the time of the first State conference which was called by our Chapter she was appointed collector of funds, and so well did she perform her task that a small surplus was left over when all bills were paid. On our relic meeting, in our patriotic lectures, in every effort the Chapter has made, she has quietly and unobtrusively done hard work. Only those on the busy committee knew how much. The larger number of our members have not realized it until now.

She was very delicate, and the last months of her life were spent in a most heroic and unfaltering struggle with pain and death. The wounded men of our battlefields had no harder fate.

Of her beautiful domestic life it is not for us to speak. She was a woman of charming presence, always attractive, always interesting. One saw her cultivated refined face on first meeting her, but further acquaintance only revealed new attractions and noble qualities. Her place cannot be filled.

E. F. JENKINS,
Recording Secretary.

MRS. FRANK MONTAGUE COLLINS WALKER.—In the death of Mrs. Frank Montague Collins Walker, which occurred on November 5, 1896, George Clyman Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution, Towanda, Pennsylvania, loses one of its charter members. Mrs. Walker was born in Towanda,

Pennsylvania, November 10, 1859; married to Edward Walker, October 17, 1888. She was a descendant of Captain Simon Spalding, a soldier in the Revolutionary war. He commanded an independent company in Sullivan's expedition, 1779. She was also descended from Benedict Latterlee, whose son Elisha was also a soldier in the War of the Revolution.

At a meeting of the Chapter the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to call to her rest Mrs. Edward Walker; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in her death, the first that has occurred among its members, this Society has sustained an irreparable loss, and we mourn the early death of one who was so interested in the purposes and aims of our Society. May the influence of this sweet life remain as a benediction to our Chapter.

Resolved, That the sorrowing friends have our warmest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our Chapter and a copy be sent to the family.

MRS. WILLIAM LITTLE,
MRS. EDWARD OVERTON,
Committee.

MRS. LUZINA WORDEN TIFFT.—In the death of Mrs. Luzina Worden Tift, at Ellisburg, Jefferson County, New York, March, 1897, at the ripe old age of eighty-five years, the Le Ray de Chaumont Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Watertown, New York, loses an honorary member and one of its real Daughters. Although Mrs. Tift had never been able to meet with the Chapter she had been visited by several of the members and had enjoyed seeing them. The souvenir spoon sent by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, had been presented to her, and she thoroughly appreciated the gift. At the Chapter meeting, March 28, 1897, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, By the death of Mrs. Luzina Worden Tift, at Ellisburg, Jefferson County, New York, March, 1897, Le Ray de Chaumont Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, is for the first time called upon to mourn the loss of one of its members and a real Daughter; therefore be it

Resolved, That as a Chapter we express our sorrow at the loss of this honored sister whom God has called to her everlasting rest.

Resolved, That this tribute of sympathy be tendered to the family of Mrs. Tift, a copy be sent to the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and to each of the Watertown daily papers, and one be entered upon our records.

GRACE MOFFETT LANSING, *Regent*.
FLORA STELLE PECK, *Historian*.

MRS. BRITANNIA STONE.—The announcement of the death of Mrs. Britannia Stone, one of our charter members, deserves more than a passing notice, as she was well known in this vicinity, living here all her life, and her early history interwoven with stirring events peculiar to the early settlers of the place. Mrs. Stone was an exemplary and affectionate mother, and unceasing in her labors for those she loved. She lived to see not only her grandchildren, but her great-grandchildren gather around her. She was a woman of remarkable energy, and seldom would admit that she was out of health. She was very patient and cheerful in her last sickness.

Mrs. Britannia Penfield Stone was born in Camden, Oneida County, New York, January 24, 1812, died at her residence on North Park street, February 9, 1897. She was the granddaughter of Jesse Penfield, who enlisted in the Continentals in the summer of 1775, and discharged November 28, 1775. He reënlisted June, 1776, in the Third Battalion, Wadsworth Brigade, and was in the battle of White Plains October 28, 1776. When his time expired he enlisted the third time, and was in the army until the close of the war. Her father, Fowler Penfield, was in the War of 1812.

She became a Daughter of the American Revolution of the Camden Chapter October 1, 1896. Although unable to meet with us she enjoyed a visit from any member, and displayed a great interest in this patriotic work. Her national No. 15781. She leaves not only her relatives to mourn their loss, but many sorrowing friends and acquaintances, who had known her for many years.

MRS. NANCY E. EDIC,
Historian.

MRS. ANNA MARIA McDOWELL.—A member of the Nova Cæsarea Chapter, of New Jersey, died January 27, 1897, at her home in Bloomfield, aged seventy-six.

Mrs. McDowell was widely known as an active, patriotic woman, and her face will long be remembered by the members of the Chapter as she was seldom absent from a meeting.

I have been unable to secure an extended biography of Mrs. McDowell from her family, and can therefore only announce the fact of her death.

MARY SHERRERD CLARK,

Historian Nova Cesarea Chapter.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE to Mrs. Ellen Wayles Harrison, the eldest descendant of Thomas Jefferson, and Honorary Member of the National Society and of the Albemarle Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Ellen Wayles Harrison was born December 21, 1823, at "Tufton," near Charlottesville, Virginia, and was the sixth daughter and child of Colonel Thomas Jefferson Randolph and Jane Nicholas Randolph. She was married in 1859 to William Byrd Harrison, of Upper Brandon, Virginia, where she lived until her husband's death.

Later she spent a number of years at "Edgehill," near Charlottesville, formerly the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Martha Jefferson Randolph, and for a long time a noted school for girls, established by the late Miss Mary Randolph, and now conducted by Miss Carrie R. Randolph, two of Mrs. Harrison's sisters. In 1891 Mrs. Harrison went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Jane Harrison Randall, in Baltimore, where she died August 15 of this year. She was laid to rest on the 17th of August at "Monticello," near the tomb of her great-grandfather, Thomas Jefferson.

One who knew Mrs. Harrison well, and was closely associated with her during her stay at "Edgehill," says of her: "She was a woman of rare qualities of head and heart, and possessed great personal magnetism, particularly for the young." Another writes: "Without taking an active part in the school she exerted a powerful influence over all the girls who studied there. She was a woman of brilliant mind and an originality of thought which gave the greatest charm to everything she did and said. Although highly qualified for authorship she wrote but little." Still another says: "She had a great capacity for self-denial, was hot tempered, but had her-

self perfectly under control, and was the most brilliant member of the family."

To the remaining members of this noted family the Albe-marle Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution extends its deepest sympathy and mourns with them the irreparable loss of another of that coterie of beautiful and brilliant women of the old régime of Virginia who are so rapidly passing away. May the women of the twentieth century strive to attain the high standard of nobility and purity of character displayed by their grandmothers and great-grandmothers throughout their long and useful lives.

NELLIE SARAH (PORTER) MUNSON, daughter of Lewis and Hannah (Gregory) Porter, and wife of Henry Theodore Munson, Esq., was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, October 1, 1855, and died at her late residence, 37 West Twenty-first street, New York City, Monday, April 26, 1897. The funeral service was held by Rev. Percy Grant, D. D., rector of the Church of the Ascension, Fifth avenue and Tenth street, New York City, and the burial was at the cemetery in Washington, District of Columbia. Mrs. Munson was a charter member, No. 6, of Knickerbocker Chapter, New York City, Daughters of the American Revolution, organized in January, 1897, and was a member of the Executive Board of the same, she took great interest in the Chapter and was one of the largest contributors to the donation recently made to the Continental Memorial Hall fund. She was present at the social gathering of the Chapter on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the battles of Concord and Lexington, April 19, just one week before, and enjoyed the meeting, though she has been an invalid for years. One child, Grace Sperry Munson, born January 19, 1879, died September 6, 1879. Her husband, who is of the firm of Philip, Munson & Co., Patent Lawyers, survives.



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HEADQUARTERS NATIONAL SOCIETY.

902 F St., Washington, D. C.

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

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1897

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Any woman is eligible for membership in the NATIONAL SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, who is of the age of eighteen years, and is descended from a patriot man or woman who aided in establishing American Independence, *provided the applicant is acceptable to the Society.* Family tradition alone in regard to the services of an ancestor, unaccompanied by proof will not be considered.

All persons duly qualified, who have been regularly admitted by the National Board of Management, shall be members of the *National Society*, but for purposes of convenience, they may be organized into local Chapters (those belonging to the National Society alone being known as members-at-large).

Application Blanks and Constitutions will be furnished on request by the State Regent of the State in which you reside, or by the "Corresponding Secretary General" at headquarters, 902 F street, Washington, D. C.

Application should be made out in *duplicate*, one of which is kept on file at National Headquarters and one returned to file with a Chapter should one be joined.

The application must be *endorsed by at least one member of the Society*. The application, when properly filled out, should be directed to "Registrars General, D. A. R., Room 52, 902 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

The initiation fee is One Dollar; the annual dues are Two Dollars.

The sum (Three Dollars) should be sent by check or money order, *never by cash*, to "Treasurer General, D. A. R., Washington, D. C."

No application will be considered until this fee is paid. If not accepted this amount will be returned.

